

FRONTISPIECE.



*Fields, and flocks, and fragrant flowers,
All that health and joy impart.
Call'd for artless music's powers,
Faithfull echoes to the heart.*

THE
LIVERPOOL SONGSTER.

Presenting
(An *Elegant Selection* of)

The most admired
Hunting, Sea, Love, & Miscellaneous,

(*Songs.*)

to which is added

A GENTLE COLLECTION of the
newest Toasts, Sentiments, & Anecdotes
now in Fashion.



— — — — —

Printed by H. & T. HODGSON.



T H E
P R E F A C E.

AS there are more bad Collections of this kind than good voices, the Editors of this performance think it incumbent on them to give some reasons for laying this Collection at present before the Public, at a time when Song Books in general are held in so small esteem.

For this small Volume, recourse has been had to almost every Collection the three Kingdoms has furnished us with; such old Songs as have firmly stood the test of approbation are retained, whilst every thing that has the least tendency to indecency or ribaldry,

P R E F A C E.

is carefully excluded. The errors of our predecessors have served us as beacons, to avoid those shoals on which they have split, and, by steering a different course, we hope to meet a different fate.

The most favourite *Airs* sung at the Theatre Royals, and Public Gardens, are here carefully inserted, and a great many Songs that has not appeared in any former Collection. How far the Editors' endeavours to render it a more agreeable companion to the social mind has succeeded, is left to the determination of the Public.

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T H E
LIVERPOOL SONGSTER.

I. S O N G.

A Jolly jack Tar, but a litile while since,
As drunk as a beggar, as bold as a prince,
Fell foul of an alehouse, and thought it a sin,
To pass without calling,---reel'd roaringly in.
Derry down, &c.

He scacre had sat down, when the Landlord came
by,
With pudding and beef, which attracted his eye;
By the main-mast a sail boys, he leapt from his place,
And grasping his cudgel gave orders for chace.

Now it happen'd together ten Frenchmen were met,
Resolving soup meagre and frogs to forget;
Convinc'd of their error, they'd order'd a feast,
To be drest and serv'd up in a true English taste.

A

At

At the heels of the Landlord, Jack quickly appears,
And makes the room echo with three British cheers,
Then sat himself down without any debate,
And whipt his old chew on his next neighbour's plate

No sooner was Jack thus possess'd of a place,
Than thinking it needless to wait for the grace ;
In spite of their whispers, the stout English thief,
First grappl'd the pudding, then boarded the beef.

Now nothing could equal the Frenchmen's surprise,
They shrunk up their shoulders, and star'd with their
eyes ;

From the one went a hah ! from the other a hem !
They look'd at their Landlord, their Landlord at
them.

One more bold than the rest, by his brethren's advice
Made a sneaking attempt to come in for a slice,
But Jack cut his fingers, and gave him a check,
Crying down with your arms, or I'll soon clear the
deck.

At length to revenge, all the Frenchmen unite,
Each seiz'd on his knife, and prepar'd for a fight ;
Of quarters says Jack, I would have you not think,
So strike you soup-bibbers, strike, strike, or you sink.

The Landlord beholding, approach'd from afar,
And sneaking behind, seiz'd the arms of the tar,
I've got him, says he, but he scarce could say more,
Ere he found his dull pate where his heels stood
before.

Then frowning, Jack flourish'd his trusty old stick,
And laid on his broadsides so fast and so thick ;---
He so well play'd his part in a minute, that four
Lay sprawling along with their host on the floor.

The rest being dismay'd at their countrymen's fate,
Each

Each fearing Jack's stick would alight on his pate,
 Soon yielded him victor and lord of the main,
 With humble entreaty to bury their slain.

To which he consented, but order'd that they
 For the beef, and the pudding, and porter, should
 pay ;

So saying, he stagger'd away to his wench,
 And he sung as we'll all sing, down down with the
 French. Derry down, &c.

II. *Sung in the Carnival of Venice.*

A H! think me not unfeeling love,
 If still from thee I hide each pain,
 'Tis but that thou may'st better prove,
 The fancied peace I strive to feign.

I would not have they generous breast,
 Pierc'd with a pang beyond its own;
 'Twould point thy griefs were mine confest,
 Ah! leave me then to weep alone.

III. *Sung in the Capricious Lovers.*

A Gain in rustic weeds array'd,
 A simple swain, a simple maid;
 O'er rural scenes with joy we'll rove,
 By dimpling brook, or cooling grove.

The birds shall strain their little throats,
 And warble wild their merry notes,
 While we converse beneath the shade,
 A happy swain, and happy maid.

Thy hand shall pluck, to grace the bow'r,
 The luscious fruit, the fragrant flow'r;
 While joys shall blest, for ever new,
 Thy Peæbe kind, thy Colin true.

A 2

IV. *Sung*

IV. *Sung by Mr. Banister.*

COME bustle, bustle, drink about,
 And let us merry be,
 Our can is full, we'll pump it out,
 And then all hands to sea.
 And a sailing we will go.

Fine Miss at dancing-school is taught
 The minuet to tread ;
 But we go better when we've brought
 The fore-tack to cat-head.

The jockey's call'd to horse, to horse,
 And swiftly rides the race ;
 But swifter far we shape our course,
 When we are giving chace.

With horns and shouts the forest rend,
 His pack the huntsman cheers ;
 As loud we hollow when we send
 A broadside to Monfieurs.

The what's-their-names, at uproar squal!,
 With music fine and soft ;
 But better sounds our boatswain's call,
 All hands, all hands aloft !

With gold and silver streamers fine,
 The Ladies rigging shew ;
 But English ships more grandeur shine,
 When prizes home we tow.

What's got at sea we spend on shore.
 With sweethearts, or our wives ;
 And then, my boys, hoist sail for more ;
 Thus pass the sailors lives.

And a sailing we will go.

V. *Sung*

V. *Sung in the Agreeable Surprise.*

AMO, *amas,*
 I love a lass,
 As a cedar tall and slender ;
 Sweet cowslips grace
 Is her nom'tive case,
 And she's of the feminine gender.

CHORUS.

*Rorum, corum,
 Sunt divorum,
 Harum scarum !
 Divo !*

*Tag rag, merry derry, perriwig and hatband,
 Hic, hoc, horum genetivo !*

Can I decline
 A nymph divine ?
 Her voice as a flute is *dulcis* ;
 Her *oculus* bright,
 Her *manus* white,
 And soft, when I *tacto*, her pulse is.
Rorum corum, &c.

Oh, how *bella*,
 My *puella* !
 I'll kiss *secula seculorum* :
 If I luck, Sir,
 She's my *uxor*,
 O *dies benedictorum* !
Rorum corum, &c.

VI. *Sung by Mrs. Wrighten.*

AWay with soft sighs, for our danger alarms,
 Our country solicits our smiles to its aid ;
 Let our beauty inspirit our lovers to arms,

And heroes alone win the hearts of each maid :
Love shall nerve the bold arm to secure their own
bliss,

If you promise, ye fair, to reward with a kiss.

Last month my dear Colin, with tear-swimming
eyes, | of woe ;

Press'd my hand while he look'd a whole volume
Even then, for my heart never wore a disguise,

If you love me, I said, go and conquer the foe ;
Defending your country receive your own bliss,
For the ruin of France shall secure you a kiss.

If by my example my sex were inspir'd,

No nation wou'd dare to provoke British rage,
Our swains with true courage would always besir'd,

And our smiles create heroes in every age :
Love will nerve the bold arm to secure their own
bliss,

Then promise, ye fair, to reward with a kiss.

VII. *Sung in the Duenna.*

BY him we love offended,
How soon our anger flies !

One day apart, 'tis ended,

Behold him, and it dies !

Last night your roving brother

Enrag'd I bade depart,

And sure his rude presumption

Deserv'd to lose my heart :

Yet were he now before me,

In spite of injur'd pride,

I fear my eyes would pardon

Before my tongue cou'd chide.

By him we love, &c.

With truth the bold deceiver

To me thus oft has said,

“ In vain would Clara slight me,
 “ In vain she would upbraid !
 “ No scorn those lips discover,
 “ Where dimples laugh the while :
 “ No frowns appear resentful,
 “ Where Heav’n has stamp’d a smile !
 By him we love, &c.

VIII. *Sung at Vauxhall.*

MY bonny sailor’s won my mind,
 My heart is now with him at sea ;
 I hope the summer’s western wind
 Will bring him safely back to me :
 I wish to hear what glorious toils,
 What dangers he has undergone ;
 What forts he’s storm’d, how great the spoils,
 From France and Spain my sailor’s won.

A thousand terrors chill’d my breast,
 When fancy brought the foe in view ;
 And day and night I’ve had no rest,
 Left ev’ry gale a tempest blew :
 Bring, gentle gales, my sailor home,
 His ship at anchor may I see ;
 Three years are sure enough to roam,
 Too long for one who loves like me.

His face by sultry climes is wan,
 His eyes by watching shine less bright ;
 But still I’ll own my charming man,
 And run to meet him when in sight :
 His honest heart is what I prize,
 No weather can make that look old ;
 Tho’ alter’d were his face and eyes,
 I’ll love my jolly sailor bold.

IX. *Sung in Love in a Village.*

MY heart's my own, my will is free,
And so shall be my voice ;
No mortal man shall wed with me,
'Till first he's made my choice.

Let parents rule, cry nature's laws,
And children still obey ;
And is there then no saving clause
Against tyrannic sway ?

X. *Sung in the Gentle Shepherd.*

MY Peggy is a young thing,
Just enter'd in her teens,
Fair as the day, and sweet as May,
Fair as the day, and always gay ;
My Peggy is a young thing,
And I'm not very auld :
Yet weel I like to meet her at
The waking of the fauld.

My Peggy speaks sae sweetly,
Whene'er we meet alane,
I wish nae mair to lay my care,
I wish nae mair of a' that's rare :
My Peggy speaks sae sweetly,
To a' the lave I'm cauld,
But she makes a' my spirits glow
At waking of the fauld.

My Peggy smiles sae kindly,
Whene'er I whisper love,
That I look down on a' the town,
That I look down upon a crown :
My Peggy smiles sae kindly,
It makes me blyth and bauld,

And

And nothing gives me sic delight
As waking of the fauld.

My Peggy sings sae saftly,
When on my pipe I play;
By a' the rest it is confess'd,
By a' the rest, that she sings best:
My Peggy sings sae saftly,
And in her sangs are tauld.
Wi' innocence the sweetest sense,
At waking of the fauld.

XI. *Sung in Thomas and Sally.*

Tbo. **L**ET fops pretend in flames to melt,
And talk of pangs they never felt;
I speak without disguise or art,
And with my hand bestow my heart.

Let ladies prudishly deny;
Sal. Look cold, and give their thoughts the lie;
I own the passion in my breast,
And long to make my lover blest.

For this, the sailor on the mast
bo. Endures the cold and cutting blast;
All dripping wet, wears out the night,
And braves the fury of the fight.

For this the virgin pines and sighs,
Sal. With throbbing heart and streaming eyes,
Till sweet reverse of joys she proves,
And clasps the faithful lad she loves.

D U E T T O.

Ye British youths, be brave, you'll find,
The British virgins will be kind;
Protect their beauty from alarms,
And they'll repay you with its charms.

XII. *Sung in the Duenna.*

HOW oft, *Louisa*, hast thou said,
 (Nor wilt thou the fond boast disown,)
 'Thou would'st not lose *Antonio's* love,
 To reign the partner of a throne.

And by those lips that spoke so kind !
 And by that hand I press'd to mine !
 To gain a subject nation's love,
 I swear I would not part with thine.

Then how my soul, can we be poor,
 Who own what kingdoms could not buy ?
 Of this true heart thou shalt be queen,
 And serving thee, a monarch I.

Thus uncontroul'd in mutual bliss,
 And rich in love's exhaustless mine ;
 Do thou snatch treasures from my lips,
 And I'll take kingdoms back from thine.

XIII. *Sung in the Carnival of Venice.*

WHAT a lover is he that has nothing to give,
 But a look, and a vow, and a sigh !
 Silly maid, take my word, you should know how to
 Before you're so ready to die. (live

How stupid a pair are the bridegroom and bride,
 Who wed but for cooing and billing ;
 Oh, how dull will they be, as they sit side by side,
 If it happens they're not worth a shilling.

At first, by good luck, every hour of the day,
 'Tis my darling, my heart's dearest pleasure,
 But at last, says the wife, I want money to pay,
 Come, give it my heart's richest treasure.

XIV. *Sung*

XIV. *Sung in the Choice of Harlequin.*

YE Scamps, ye Pads. ye Divers, and all upon
the lay. [and play
In Tothill fields gay sheep-walk like lambs ye sport
Rattling up your darbies, come hither at my call,
I'm Jigger Dubber here, and you're welcome to
Mill Doll. *With my tow row, &c.*

At your insurance-office the Flats you've taken in ;
The game you've play'd, my Kiddy, you're always
sure to win : [break.

First you touch the Shiners---the number up---you
With your insuring policy ! I'd not insure your neck

The French with trotters nimble, could fly from
English blows, [shows :

And they've got nimble daddles, as Monfieur plainly
Be thus the foes of Britain bang'd, ay thump away
Monfieur, [solitair.

The hemp you're beating now, will make your
My peepers, who've we here now ! why this is sure
Black Moll ; [Doll :

My ma'am you're of the fair fex, so welcome to Mill
The cull with you who'd venture into a snoozing
ken, [and then----

Like blackamoor Othello, should put out the light,
I think my flashy coachman, that you'll take better
care,

Not for a little hoo come the slang upon your fare :
Your jazy pays the garnish, unless the fees you tip,
Tho' you're a flashy coachman, here the gagger
holds the whip.

C H O R U S.

**We're Scamps, we're Pads, we're Divers, we're all
upon the lay,**

In Tothill fields gay sheep-walk like lambs we
 sport and play ;
 Rattling up our darbies, we're hither at your call,
 You are Jigger Dubber here, and we're forc'd for
 to mill doll. *With our tow row, &c.*

XV. *Sung in the Ducenna.*

GENTLE maid, ah! why suspect me?
 Let me serve thee---then reject me;
 Canst thou trust and I deceive thee?
 Art thou sad---and shall I grieve thee?
 Gentle maid, ah! why suspect me?
 Let me serve thee---then reject me.

XVI. *A favourite SCOTCH BALLAD.*

AND are you sure the News is true?
 And are you sure he's weel?
 This is no time to think of work,
 I must set by my wheel.
 Give me my cloak, I'll go to the quay,
 And welcome him on shore;
 But why do I thus loose my time?
 Perhaps he's at the door.
 Lie still, lie still, my beating breast,
 Ah! welcome him on shore;
 Perhaps from me no more he'll roam,
 Or trust the rude sea more.

So true his words, so smooth his speech,
 His breath like caller air;
 His very foot has music in't
 When he trips up the kair:
 And will I see his face again?
 And will I hear him speak?
 'There's lily whiteness in his skin,
 And roses in his cheek:

Lie

Lie still, lie still, my beating heart,
 My *Donald's* at the door;
 Perhaps from me no more he'll part,
 Or trust the rude sea more.

The cold blast of the winter wind,
 That thrill'd late through my heart,
 Are all blown by, and *Donald's* safe,
 'Till death we ne'er must part:
 But what puts parting in my head?
 It may be far away;
 The present moment sure's our own,
 The next we ne'er may see;
 Lie still, lie still, my beating heart,
 Hark! hark! he's at the door;
 Perhaps from me no more he'll part,
 Or trust the rude sea more.

XVII. *Sung by Mr. Vernon, at Vauxhall.*

CONTENTED I am and contented I'll be,
 For what can this world more afford,
 Than a girl that will sociably sit on my knee,
 And a cellar that's plenteously stor'd,
 My brave boys.

My vault-door is open. descend ev'ry guest,
 Broach that cask, for that wine we will try,
 'Tis as sweet as the lips of your love to the taste,
 And as bright as her cheek to the eye.

In a piece of slit hoop I my candle have stuck,
 'Till light us each bottle to hand;
 And the foot of my glass for the purpose I broke,
 For I hate that a bumper should stand.

We are dry where we sit, tho' the oozy drops seem
 The moist walls with wet pearls to emboss,
 From the arch, mouldy cobwebs in Gothic taste
 Like stucco work cut out of mois.

[stream,
 Altride

For his rage, not his love, in his frenzy is shown ;
 And the blast that blows loudest is soon over-blown
 But the shepherd, whom Cupid has pierc'd to the
 heart,
 Will submissive adore, and rejoice in the smart ;
 Or, in plaintive soft murmers, his bosom-felt woe,
 Like the smooth-gilding current of rivers will flow.
 'Tho' silent his tongue, he will plead with his eyes,
 And his heart own your sway in a tribute of sighs :
 But when he accosts you, in meadow or grove,
 His tale is so tender---he cooes like the dove.

XIX. *Sung in the Sorcerer.*

He. **C**AST, my love, thine eyes around,
 See the sportive lambkins play ;
 Nature gaily decks the ground,
 All in honour of the may :
 Like the sparrow and the dove,
 Listen to the voice of love.

She. Damon, thou hast found me long,
 List'ning to thy soothing tale,
 And thy soft persuasive tongue,
 Often held me in the dale :
 Take, oh ! Damon, while I live,
 All which virtue ought to give.

He. Not the verdure of the grove,
 Not the garden's fairest flow'r,
 Nor the meads where lovers rove,
 Tempted by the vernal hour,
 Can delight thy Damon's eye,
 If Florella is not by.

She. Not the water's gentle fall,
 By the bank with poplars crown'd,

Not

Not the feather'd songsters all,
Nor the flute's melodious sound,
Can delight Florella's ear,
If her Damon is not near.

Both. Let us love, and let us live,
Like the chearful season gay :
Banish care, and let us give
Tribute to the fragrant May :
Like the sparrow and the dove,
Listen to the voice of love.

XX. S O N G.

O Why should we sorrow, who never knew fin ?
Let smiles of content show our rapture within !
'This love has so rais'd me, I now fly in air !
He's sure sent from Heav'n to lighten my care !

Each shepherdess views me with scorn and disdain !
Each shepherd pursues me, but all is in vain :
No more will I sorrow, no longer despair,
He's sure sent from Heav'n to lighten my care.

XXI. *Sung in Midas.*

S I L E N O.

SINCE you mean to hire for service,
Come with me you jolly dog ;
You can help to bring home harvest,
'Tend the sheep, and feed the hogs.
Farra diddle dol,---Farra diddle dol,
Tol ti di tol di ti di tol dol dol.

With three crowns your standing wages,
You shall daintily be fed,
Bacon, beans, salt beef, cabbages,
Butter milk, and oaten bread.
Farra diddle, &c.

Come

Come strike hands, you'll live in clover,
 When we get you once at home ;
 And when daily labour's over,
 We'll all dance to your hum-strum.
 Farra diddle dol, &c.

APOLLO.

Done---'strike hands, I take your offer,
 Farther on I may fare worse ;
 Zooks ! I can no longer suffer
 Hungry guts and empty purse.
 Farra diddle dol, &c.

XXII. SONG.

WHEN the rose is in bud, and blue violets
 blow,
 And the birds sing us love songs from every bough,
 When cowslips, and daisies, and daffodils spread,
 Adorning, perfume the flowery mead.
 Our cleanly milk-pail
 Is fill'd with brown ale ;
 Our table, our table's the grass :
 There we sit and we sing,
 And we dance in a ring,
 And every lad has his lass ;
 There we sit and we sing, and we dance in a ring,
 And every lad, every lad has his lass.

When without the plough the fat oxen do low,
 The lads and the lasses a sheep-shearing go ;
 Our shepherd shears his jolly, jolly fleece,
 How much richer than that which they say was in
 'Tis our cloth, and our food, [Greece !
 And our politic blood ;
 'Tis the seat which our nobles sit on :
 'Tis a mine above ground,
 Where our treasure's all found ;

'Tis

'Tis the gold, and the silver of Britain :
 'Tis a mine above ground, where our treasure's all
 found,
 'Tis the gold, and the silver of Britain.

XXIII. *Sung in Cymon.*

IF she whispers the judge, be he ever so wise,
 Tho' great and important his trust is ;
 His hand is unsteady, a pair of black eyes
 Will kick up the balance of justice.

If his passions are strong, his judgment grows weak,
 For love through his veins will be creeping ;
 And his worship when near to a round dimple cheek
 Though he ought to be blind will be peeping.

XXIV. *Sung in Mother Shipton.*

TO heal the smart a bee had made
 Upon my Chloe's face,
 Honey upon her cheek she laid,
 And bid me kiss the place.

Pleas'd I obey'd, and from the wound
 Imbib'd both sweet and smart ;
 The honey on my lips I found,
 The sting within my heart,

XXV. *Sung in Midas.*

HE's as tight a lad to see to,
 As e'er stepp'd in leather shoe ;
 And what's better he loves me too,
 And to him I'll prove True-Blue.

Tho' my Sister casts an hawk's eye ;
 I defy what she can do :
 He o'erlook'd the little doxy,
 I'm the girl he means to woo.

Hitler

Hither I stole out to meet him;
 He'll no doubt my steps pursue,
 If the youth prove true, I'll fit him,
 If he's false----I'll fit him too.

XXVI. *Sung in the Choice of Harlequin.*

BRAVE boys, let us go since again we are free,
 Let's haste to the empire of freedom the sea,
 Where each proud usurper we'll boldly dethrone,
 And tell 'em that kingdom was always our own.
 We owe the French something for tricks t'other day,
 The debt of a drubbing, which gladly we'll pay,
 Their bravadoes we scorn, and their threats we de-
 spise,

We yield but to conquer, and sink but to rise;
 With *Parker* and *Rodney* we'll trim the *Monseurs*,
 We'll tickle the *Spaniards*, and wing the *Mynheers*.

One *William* preserv'd our religion and laws,
 Another now rises to plead our great cause;
 This brave gallant youth, is a true Briton born,
 His King he'll defend and his country adorn.
 Each hardship, each danger, he'll boldly defy,
 For *Digby* shall teach him to conquer or die.
 Tho' the waves have been rough, and the wind in
 our teeth,

We smile at misfortune, wounds, shipwreck and
 death; [fail,
 And still hope, my dear boys, that by snatching our
 At last we may meet with a prosperous gale.

XXVII. *Sung in True-Blue.*

OH! where will you hurry my dearest?
 Say, say to what clime or what shore,
 You tear him from me the sincerest,
 That ever lov'd mortal before,

Ah!

Ah ! cruel hard hearted to press him,
 And force the dear youth from my arms,
 Restore him that I may careis him,
 And shield him from future alarms.

In vain you insult and deride me,
 And make but a scoff at my woes ;
 You ne'er from my dear shall divide me,
 I'll follow wherever he goes.

Think not of the merciless ocean,
 My soul any terror can have,
 For soon as the ship makes its motion,
 So soon shall the sea be my grave.

XXVIII. *Sung in Midas.*

LOVELY nymph assuage my anguish,
 At your feet a tender swain
 Prays you will not let him languish.
 One kind look would ease his pain.

Did you know the lad that courts
 You, he not long need sue in vain ;
 Prince of song, of dance, of sports,
 You scarce will meet his like again.

XXIX. SONG.

THE spring newly dawning invites ev'ry flow'r,
 To blossom again on the mead or the bow'r ;
 Tho' sports on each plain the young shepherds pre-
 pare ;
 To me they're unpleasing if Jockey's not there.
 Tho' sports, &c.

Let winter its horrors spread wide o'er the scene ;
 And nought but its gloom on each object be seen,
 To me e'en a desert seems lovely and fair,
 If fortune decrees that my Jockey is there.

Tho' sports, &c.

XXX. Song

XXX, SONG.

WHO thirsts for more knowledge, is welcome
to roam,

He may seek a new clime, who is wretched at home ;
Who of pleasure or folly has not had his fill,
May quit poor Old England whenever he will ;
But nothing shall tempt me to cross the salt main,
For change I'm too steady, and rambling is pain.

Old England, brave boys, good enough is for me,
Where my thoughts I can speak, where my birth-
right I'm free ;

Whatever I wish for now comes at my call,
I can sport in the field, or can roar in my hall ;
My time is my own, I can do as I will,
I have children that prattle, a wife that is still.

I feel that I'm happy, tho' taxes run high,
I want no Exotics, so easy am I ;
I'm alive to my friends, and at peace with the dead,
With party and state I ne'er trouble my head ;
Contention I hate, and a bumper love most,
You'll pledge me, I'm sure, for *Old England's* my toast

XXXI. *Sung by Mrs. Wrighten, at Vauxhall.*

MY Patie is a lover gay,
His brow is never cloudy ;
His breath is sweeter than new hay,
His face his fair and ruddy ;
His shape is handsome, middle size,
He's stately in his walking ;
The shining of his een surprise,
'Tis heaven to hear him talking.

Last night I met him on the bawlk,
Where yollow corn was growing ;
There many a kindly word he spake,

That

That set my heart a glowing;
 He kiss'd, and vow'd he wad be mine,
 And lov'd me best of ony;
 That gars me like to sing finsyne,
 O Corn Riggs are bonny!

Let maidens of a silly mind,
 Refuse what maist they're wanting;
 Since we for yielding are design'd,
 We chastly should be granting;
 Then I'll comply, and marry Pate,
 And syne my Cookernony,
 He's free to touzle ain or late,
 Where Corn Riggs are bonny.

XXXII. *Sung in the Election.*

AH! let it ne'er with truth be said,
 That public virtue droops her head,
 That English faith should luckless prove,
 Or cross one English virgin's love.

If in my Sally's youthful heart,
 Her Richard e'er may claim a part.
 This happy hour shall smiling prove,
 That honour firmly fixes love.

XXXIII. *Sung by Miss Thornton.*

ASweet-scented Beau, and a simp'ring young Cit,
 An artful Attorney, a Rake, and a Wit,
 Set out on a chase in pursuit of her heart,
 Whilst Chloe disdainfully laugh'd at their art:
 And rouz'd by the hounds to meet the sweet morn,
 Tantivy, she follow'd the echoing horn.

Wit swore by his fancy, the Beau by his face,
 The Lawyer with Quibble, set out on the chase;
 The Cit with exactness, made his account,

The

The Rake told his conquest, how vast the amount ?
She laugh'd at their follies, and blithe as the morn,
Tantivy, she follow'd the echoing horn.

The clamorous noise rous'd a jolly young Swain,
Hark ! forward, he cry'd, then bounc'd o'er the plain
He distanc'd the Wit, the Cit, Quibble, and Beau,
And won the fair Nymph, hollio ! hollio !
Now together they sing a sweet hymn to the morn,
Tantivy, they follow the echoing horn,

XXXIV. SONG.

WITH horns and with hounds I waken the day,
And hie to my woodland walks away ;
I tuck up my robe, and am buskin'd soon,
And tie to my forehead a waxing moon :
With shouting, and hooting, we pierce thro' the sky,
While echo turns huntress, and doubles the cry.

XXXV. SONG.

TELL me, lovely shepherd, where
Thou feed'st at noon thy fleecy care :
Direct me to thy sweet retreat
That guards thee from the mid-day heat ;
Lest by thy flocks I lonely stray,
Without a guide, and lose my way :
Where rest at noon thy bleating care,
Gentle shepherd, tell me where ?

XXXVI. *Sung in Love in a Village.*

LET gay ones and great
Make the most of their fate ;
From pleasure to pleasure they run :
Well, who cares a jot ?
I envy them not,
While I have my dog and my gun.

Foe

For exercise, air,
 To the fields I repair,
 With spirits unclouded and light :
 The blisses I find,
 No stings leave behind,
 But health and diversion unite.

XXXVII. *Sung in Love in a Village.*

STILL in hopes to get the better
 Of my stubborn flame I try,
 Swear this moment to forget her,
 And the next my oath deny.

Now prepar'd with scorn to treat her,
 Ev'ry charm in thought I brave ;
 Then, relapsing, fly to meet her,
 And confess myself her slave.

XXXVIII. S O N G.

WHEN I was young, tho' now am old,
 The men were kind and true ;
 But now they're grown so false and bold.
 What can a woman do ?
 Say what can a woman do ?
 For men are truly,
 So unruly,
 I tremble at seventy-two !

When I was fair---tho' now so so,
 No hearts were giv'n to rove,
 Our pulses beat not fast, nor slow,
 But all was faith and love ;
 Now what can a woman do ?
 For men are truly,
 So unruly,
 I tremble at seventy two !

XXXIX. Song.

XXXIX. *Sung in the Padlock.*

WAS I a shepherd's maid to keep
 On yonder plains a flock of sheep,
 Well pleas'd I'd watch the live long day,
 My ewes at feed, my lambs at play.

Or wou'd some bird, that pity brings,
 But for a moment lend its wings,
 My parents then might rave and scold,
 My guardian strive my will to hold :
 Their words are harsh, his walls are high,
 But spite of all, away I'd fly.

XL. SONG.

AS near to Porto Bello lying,
 On the gentle swelling flood,
 At midnight with streamers flying ;
 Our triumphant navy rode.
 There, while *Vernon* sat all glorious,
 From the Spaniards late defeat,
 And his crews with shouts victorious ;
 Drank success to Englands fleet.

On a sudden, shrilly sounding,
 Hedious yells, and shrieks were heard,
 Then, each heart with fear confounding ;
 A sad troop of ghosts appear'd.
 All in dreary hammocks shrouded,
 Which for winding sheets they wore,
 And with looks by sorrow clouded ;
 Frowning on that hostile shore.

On them gleam'd the moon's wan lustre,
 When the shades of *Hofier* brave,
 His pale hands were seen to muster ;
 Rising from their wat'ry grave.
 O'er the glimm'ring waves he hy'd him,

B

Where

Where the Burford rear'd her sail,
 With three thousand ghosts beside him ;
 And in groans did *Vernon* hail.

Heed, oh heed ! our fatal story,
 I am *Hofier's* injur'd ghost,
 You who now have purchas'd glory,
 At this place were I was lost.
 Tho' in Porto Bello's ruin,
 You now triumph free from fears,
 When you think of our undoing ;
 You will mix your joys with tears.

See these mournful Spectres sweeping,
 Ghostly o'er this hated Wave,
 Whose wan cheeks are strain'd with weeping,
 These were English captains brave.
 Mark those numbers pale and horrid,
 Who were once my sailors bold,
 Lo each hangs his drooping forehead ?
 While his dismal fate is told.

I by twenty ships attended,
 Did this Spanish town affright,
 Nothing then its wealth defended ?
 But my orders not to fight.
 Oh ! that in this rolling ocean,
 I had cast them with disdain,
 And obey'd my hearts warm motion ;
 To have quell'd the pride of Spain.

For resistance I could fear none,
 But with twenty ships had done,
 What thou brave and happy *Vernon*,
 Hast achiev'd with six alone,
 Then the *Bastimento's* never,
 Had our foul dishonour seen,
 Nor the sea the sad receiver ;
 Of this gallant train had been.

Thus

Thus like thee proud Spain dismaying,
 And her galleons leading home,
 Tho' condemn'd for disobeying;
 I had met a traitor's doom.
 To have fallen, my country crying,
 He has play'd a English part,
 Had been better far that dying;
 Of a griev'd and broken heart.

Unrepining at thy glory,
 Thy successful arms we hail,
 But remember our sad story;
 And let *Hofier's* wrongs prevail.
 Sent on this foul clime to languish,
 Think what thousands fell in vain,
 Wasted with disease and Anguish;
 Not in glorious battle slain.

Hence with all my train attending,
 From their oozy tom's below,
 Thro' the hoary foam ascending;
 Here I feed my constant woe.
 Here the Bastimento's viewing,
 We recal our shameful doom
 And our plaintive cries renewing;
 Wandering thro' the midnight gloom.

O'er these waves for ever mourning,
 Shall we roam depriv'd of rest,
 If, to Britain's shore returning;
 You neglect my just request.
 After this proud foe subduing,
 When your patriot-friends you see,
 Think on vengeance for my ruin;
 And for England sham'd in me.

XLI. SONG.

HOSIER ! with indignant Sorrow,
 I have heard thy mournful tale.
 And if heaven permit, to-morrow ;
 Hence our warlike fleet shall sail,
 O'er these hostile waves wide roaming,
 We will urge our bold design,
 With the blood of thousands foaming ;
 For our country's wrongs and thine.

On that day when each brave fellow,
 Who now triumphs here with me,
 Storm'd and plunder'd Porto Bello ;
 All my thoughts were full of thee,
 Thy disastrous fate alarm'd me,
 Fierce thy image glar'd on high.
 And with gen'rous ardour warm'd me.
 To revenge thy fall or die.

From their lofty ships descending,
 Thro' the flood, in firm array,
 To the destin'd City bending ;
 My lov'd sailors work their way.
 Strait the foe with horror trembling,
 Quits in haste his batter'd walls,
 And in accents undiffembling ;
 As he flies for mercy calls.

Carthagena tow'ring wonder,
 At the daring deed disinay'd,
 Shall e'er long, by Britons thunder ;
 Smoaking in the dust be laid.
 Thou, and these pale spectres sweeping,
 Restless o'er this wat'ry round,
 Whose wan cheeks are strain'd with weeping ;
 Pleas'd shall listen to the sound.

Still

Still remembering thy sad story,
 'To thy injur'd ghost I swear,
 By my hopes of future glory,
 War shall be my constant care.
 And I ne'er will cease pursuing,
 Spain's proud sons from sea to sea;
 With just vengeance for thy ruin,
 And for England sham'd in thee.

XLII. SONG.

THERE's grinders enough, sirs, of every degree,
 From Julius the Great to low poverty,
 Whatever the station, it sharpens the sense,
 And the wheel goes around, to wind in the pence.

C H O R U S.

Master-grinders enough at the helm you may find,
 Tho' I'm but a journeyman knives, pen-knives,
 scissars and razors to grind.

Whatever the Statesman may think of himself,
 He turns fortunes wheel in pursuit of the pelf,
 He grinds back and edge, Sirs, his ends to obtain,
 And his country may starve so he pockets the gain.

CHO. Masters-grinders, &c.

The rich grinds the poor, is a saying of old,
 The merchant, the tradesman, we need not be told,
 Whether Pagan, Mahometan, Christian you be,
 There's grinders of all sorts, of ev'ry degree.

CHO. Masters-grinders, &c.

The Patriot with zeal animated declares
 The curtain he'll draw, and display the state players,
 He is a staunch grinder to some 'tis well known,
 And they're mightily gall'd by the girt of his stone.

CHO. Master-grinders, &c.

I too am a grinder, what, what, Sirs, of that.

I am but in taste since I copy the great,
To be, Sirs, ingenuous, I'll tell you my mind,
'Tis for what I can get makes me willing to grind.

C H O R U S.

Master-grinders enough at the helm you may find,
Tho' I'm but a journeyman knives, pen-knives,
scissars and razors to grind.

XLIII. SONG.

SWEET bird that shun'st the noise of folly,
Most musical, most melancholy !
Thou chauntrest oft, the woods among,
I woo to hear thy even-song.

XLIV. SONG.

ONce the gods of the Greeks, at ambrosial feast,
Large bowls of rich nectar were quaffing,
Merry Momus among them appear'd as a guest,
Homer says the celestials lov'd laughing.
This happen'd 'fore chaos was fix'd into form,
While nature disorderly lay ;
While elements adverse engender'd the storm,
And uproar embroil'd the loud fray.

On ev'ry olympic the humourist droll'd,
Hence none cou'd his jokes disapprove ;
He sung, repartee'd, many sage stories told,
And at length thus address'd father Jove :
Sire,---mark how yon matter is heaving below,
Were it settl'd 'twou'd please all your court ;
'Tis not wisdom to let it lie useless, you know ;
Pray people it, just for our sport.

Jove nodded assent, all Olympus bow'd down,
At his fiat creation took birth ;
The cloud-mantled deity smil'd on his throne,
And announc'd the production was earth.

To

To honour their lov'reign each god gave a boon ;
 Apollo afforded it light ;
 The goddess of child-bed presented a moon,
 To silver the shadow of night.

The queen of soft wishes, foul Vulcan's fair bride,
 Leering wistful on her man of war,
 Took pity on beings who wanted a guide,
 So she sparkled the morn and eve star.
 From her cloud, all in spirits, the goddesses up sprung,
 In ellipsis each planet advanc'd ;
 The tune of the spheres the nine sisters sung,
 As round Terra Nova they danc'd.

E'en Jove himself could not insensible stand,
 Bid Saturn his girdle fast bind,
 The exponder of fate grasp'd the globe in his hand,
 And laugh'd at those mites call'd mankind.
 From the hand of great Jove into space it was hurl'd
 He was charm'd with the reel of the ball,
 Bid his daughter, Attraction, take charge of the
 world,
 And she hung it up high in his hall.

Mifs, pleas'd with the present, review'd the globe
 round,
 Saw with rapture hills, vallies, and plains ;
 The self-balanc'd orb, in an atmosphere bound,
 Prolific by suns, dews, and rains.
 With silver, gold, jewels, she India endow'd,
 France and Spain she taught vineyards to rear,
 What was fit for each clime, on each clime she
 bestow'd,
 And freedom she found flourish'd here.

That blue ey'd celestial, Minerva the wise,
 Ineffably smil'd on the spot ;
 My dear, says plum'd Pallas, your last gift I prize,
 But

But, excuse me, one thing is forgot.
 Licentiousness freedom's destruction may bring,
 Unless prudence prepares its defence;
 The goddess of sapience bid Iris take wing
 And on Britons bestow'd common-sense.

Four cardinal virtues she left in this isle,
 As guardians to cherish the root;
 The blossoms of liberty gaily 'gan smile,
 And Englishmen fed on the fruit.
 Thus fed, and thus bred, by a bounty so rare,
 Oh! preserve it as pure as 'twas given;
 We will while we've breath, nay, we'll grasp it
 And return it untainted to heaven. [in death,

XLV. SONG.

THERE was once,---it is said,
 When,---'its out of my head;---
 Aye, and where too---yet true is my tale;
 That a round-belly'd vicar,
 Bepimpled with liquor,
 Could stick to no text like good ale.
 Tol derol, lol derol lol, &c.

He one night 'gan to dose,
 For, under the rose,
 The priest was that night *non se ipse*;
Non se ipse, you'll say,
 What is that to the lay;---
 In plain English, the parson was tipsey.

When the clerk coming in,
 With his band-bobing chin,
 As solemn and sniv'ling as may be,
 The vicar he gap'd,
 His clerk hem'd and scrap'd,
 Saying---Please, sir, to bury a baby.
 Now our author supposes

The

The clerk's name was Moses.
Who look'd at his master so rosy ;
He blink'd with one eye,
And with wig all awry,
He hiccup'd out,---How cheers it, Mozy ?

A child, fir, is carry'd
For you, to be bury'd ;---
Bury me, Moses !---no, that won't do ;---
Lord, fir, says the clerk,
You are all in the dark,
'Tis a child to be bury'd, not you.

Well, Moses, don't hurry,--
The infant we'll bury ;---
But, master, the corps cannot stay ;---
What---can't it---but why ?
For once, then, we'll try
If a corpse, Moses, can run away.

But Moses reply'd,
The parish will chide,
For keeping them out in cold weather,
Then, Mozy, quoth he,
Pray tell 'em from me,
I'll bury them warm, all together.

But fir, it rains hard,
Pray have some regard ;---
Regard, Moses ! that makes me stay ;
For no corps, young or old,
In the rain can catch cold,
But, Moses, faith, you or I may.

Moses begg'd to be gone,
Saying, Sir, the rain's done ;
Please to rise, and I'll lend you my hand ;---
'Tis hard, quoth the vicar,
To leave this my liquor,
And go,---when I'm sure I can't stand.

At length, though fore troubled,
 To church-yard he hobbled,
 Lamenting the length of the way ;
 For, Moses, quoth he,
 Where I bishop, d'ye see,
 I neither need walk, preach, nor pray.

When he came to the grave,
 Says he, Moses---a slave ;---
 Lord, where's my tobacco-box hid ?
 I protest this fast walking
 Prevents me from talking ;
 So, Moses, pray give me a quid.

Then he open'd his book,
 And therein seem'd to look,
 Whilst o'er the page only he squinted ;
 Crying, Moses, I'm vex'd,
 For I can't see the text,
 This book is so damnably printed.

Woman of a man born---
 No---that's wrong---the leaf's torn !---
 Upon woman the natural swell is ;
 Were men got with child
 The world would run wild,
 You and I, Moses, might have big bellies.

Our guts would be press'd hard
 Were we got with bastard ;
 How wonderful are our supposes ;---
 What midwife could do it ?
 He'd be hardly put to it,
 Lord bless us, to lay me and Moses.

So, Moses, come forth,
 Put the child into earth,
 And dust to dust, dust it away ;
 For, Moses, I trust,
 We should soon turn to dust
 If we were not to moisten our clay.

Moses

Moses,---mind what I say ;---
 When 'tis night 'tis not day ;---
 Now in former times saints could work miracles,
 And raise from the dead,---
 There's no more to be said,
 For, Moses, I've dropp'd down my spectacles.

Moses,---here what I say,---
 Life's, alas ! but a day,---
 Nay, sometimes 'tis over at noon ;---
 Man is but a flow'r,
 Cut down in an hour,
 'Tis strong ale, Moses does it so soon,
 So one pot, and then ;---
 Moses answered, Amen !---
 And thus far we've carry'd the farce on ;
 'Tis the vice of the times
 To relish those rhymes,
 Where the redicule runs on a parson.
 But satire detests
 Immortality's jests,
 All profane or immodest expression ;
 So now we'll conclude,
 And drink as we shou'd,
 To the good folks of ev'ry profession.
 Tol derol, lol derol lol, &c.

XLVI. SONG.

THE Lowland lads think they are fine,
 But O ! they're vain and idly gaudy !
 How much unlike that graceful mien,
 And manly looks of my Highland laddie !

O ! my bonny Highland laddie,
 My handsome charming Highland laddie ;
 When I was sick and like to die,
 He row'd me in his Highland plaidy.

If I were free at will to chuse,
To be the wealthiest Lowland lady,
I'd take young Donald without tiewe,
With bonnet blue and belted plaidy.

O! my bonny, &c.

The bravest beau in borrows-town,
In a' his airs with heart made ready,
Compar'd to him is but a clown,
He's finer far in's tartan plaidy,

O! my bonny, &c.

O'er benty hill with him I'll run,
And leave my Lowland kin and daddy,
Frae winter's cauld, and summer's sun,
He'll screen me with his Highland plaidy.

O! my bonny, &c.

Nay greater joy I'll e'er pretend,
Than that his love proves true and steady,
Like mine to him, which ne'er shall end,
While heaven preserves my Highland laddie.

O! my bonny, &c.

XLVII. SONG.

ZOOKS! that an old man can't keep a chicken,
A chicken, a chicken, a pretty little chicken,
A nice tit bit for his own private picking,
And means of redress there's no statute allows:

But a rake like a sly beast of prey,
Will be watching, be watching, will always be
watching,

New mischiefs inventing, new artifices hatching,
Of the white legged dainty its owner to chouse;
Ere there remains in his heart to out-trick him,
Traps and guns shall be planted to nick him,
In every floor and stair in my house.

But a rake like a sly beast of prey,

Will

Will be watching, be watching, will always be
watching.

New mischiefs inventing, new artifices hatching
Of the white legged dainty its owner to chouse;
Zooks! that an old man can't keep a chicken,
A chicken, a chicken, a pretty little chicken,
A nice tit bit for his own private picking,
And means of redress there's no statute allows.

XLVIII. SONG.

YE sportsmen draw near, and ye sportswomen
Who delight in the joys of the field, (too,
Mankind, tho' they blame, are all eager as you,
And no one the contest will yield;
His lordship, his worship, his honour, his grace,
A hunting continually go,
All ranks and degrees are engag'd in the chace,
With hark forward, huzza, tally ho.

The lawyer will rise with the first of the morn,
To hunt for a mortgage, or deed,
The husband gets up at the sound of the horn,
And rides to the common full speed;
The patriot is thrown in pursuit of his game,
The poet too often lays low,
Who, mounted on Pegasus flies after fame,
With hark forward, huzza, tally ho.

While fearless o'er hills and o'er woodlands we
Tho' prudes on our pastime may frown, (sweep,
How oft do they decency's bounds over-leap,
And the fences of virtue break down;
Thus public, or private, for pension, for place,
For amusement, for passion, for shew,
All ranks and degrees are engag'd in the chace,
With hark forward huzza, tally ho.

XLIX. Song.

XLIX. SONG.

WHEN late I wander'd o'er the plain,
 From nymph to nymph I strove in vain,
 My wild desires to rally :
 But now they're of themselves come home,
 And, strange ! no longer seek to roam,
 They center'd all in Sally.

Yet she, unkind one ! damps my joy,
 And cries I court but to destroy ;
 Can love with ruin tally ?
 By those dear lips, those eyes, I swear,
 I would all deaths, all torments bear,
 Rather than injure Sally.

Can the weak taper's feeble rays,
 Or lamps transmit the sun's bright blaze ;
 Oh ! no---then say how shall I
 In words be able to express
 My love it burns to such excess,
 I almost die for Sally.

Come, then, oh ! come, thou sweeter far,
 Than jessamine and roses are,
 Or lillies of the valley ;
 O follow love and quit your fear,
 He'll guide you to these arms, my dear,
 And make me blest in Sally.

L. Sung by Mr. Edwin.

A Master I have, and I am his man,
 Galloping dreary dun,
 And he'll get a wife as fast as he can,
 With a haily,
 Gaily,
 Gambo raily,
 Giggling,
 Niggling,

Galloping

Galloping galloway, draggle-tail dreary dun.
 I saddled his steed, so fine and so gay,
 Galloping dreary dun :
 I mounted my mule, and we rode away,
 With our haily, &c.

We canter'd along until it grew dark,
 Galloping dreary dun ;
 The nightingale funk instead of the lark,
 With her haily, &c.

We met with a friar, and ask'd him our way,
 Galloping dreary dun ;
 By the Lord, says the friar, you are both astray,
 With your haily, &c.

Our journey, I fear, will do us no good,
 Galloping dreary dun ;
 We wander alone, like the babes i'the wood,
 With our haily, &c.

I heard a shot fired, and I'll take a peep,
 Galloping dreary dun ;
 But now I think better---I'd better go sleep,
 With my haily, &c.

LI. SONG.

HOW pleasant a Sailor's life passes,
 Who roams o'er the wat'ry main ;
 No treasure he ever amasses,
 But cheerfully spends all his gain.
 We're strangers to party and faction,
 To honour and honesty true,
 And would not commit a base action,
 For power and profit in view.

C H O R U S.

Then why should we quarrel for riches,
 Or any such glittering toys?

A light heart and a thin pair of breeches,
 Goes thorough the world my brave boys.
 The world is a beautiful garden,
 Enrich'd with the blessings of life,
 The toiler with plenty rewarding ;
 Which plenty too often breeds strife :
 When terrible tempests assail us,
 And mountainous billows affright,
 No grandeur or wealth can avail us,
 But skilful industry steers right.
 Then why should, &c.

The courtier's more subject to dangers,
 Who rules at the helm of the state,
 Than we, who to politics strangers,
 Escape the snares laid for the great :
 The various blessings of nature,
 In various nations we try ;
 No mortals than us can be greater,
 Who merrily live 'till we die.
 Then why should, &c.

LII. *Sung by Mrs. Kennedy.*

YOung Jamie lov'd we weel, and ask'd me for
 his bride ;
 But saving a crown, he had naithing else beside ;
 To make the crown a pound my Jamie went to sea,
 And the crown and the pound were baith for me.
 He had nae been gane a year and a day,
 When my father broke his arm, and our cow was
 stole away ;
 My mither she fell sick, and Jamie at the sea,
 And Auld Robin Gray came a courting to me.
 My father cou'dna wark, my mither cou'dna spin,
 I toil'd day and night, but their bread I cou'dna win ;
 And Rob maintain'd 'em baith, and, with tears in
 his e'e, Said

Said, Janie, for their sakes, oh marry me?
 My heart it said Nay, for I look'd for Jamie back,
 But the wind it blew hard, and his ship was awrack,
 His ship was a wrack, why didna Jamie die,
 And why was he spared to cry waes me?

My father urg'd me fair, my mither didna speak,
 But she look'd in my face till my heart was like to
 break;

They gi'd him my hand, tho' my heart was at sea,
 So Auld Robin Gray is a gude man to me:

I had na been a wife a week but four,
 When sitting so mournfully out at my door,
 I saw my Jamie's wraith, for I cou'dna think it he,
 Till he said, I'm come hame, love, to marry thee.

Sair, fair did we greet, and mickle did we say,

We tuk but a kiss, and tare ourselves away;

I wish I were dead, but I am na lik to die,

Oh, why was I born to say waes me!

I gang like a ghaist, and I care not to spin,

I dare na think on Jamie, for that would be a sin;

So I will do my best a gude wife to be,

For Auld Robin Gray's so kind to me.

LIII. *Sung at Vauxhall.*

A Gain Britannia smile,
 Smile at each threat'ning foe:
 To save this drooping isle,
 See Rodney strikes the blow:
 For Rodney quickly will regain
 Thy sov'reign empire o'er the main.

Against thee treach'rous foes,

And false allies combine;

But vainly they oppose,

If Rodney still is thine:

For

For gallant Rodney will maintain
The British empire o'er the main.

Long may he plough the main,
Long may he victor prove,
Rewards still sure to gain,
Of king and people's love :
For gallant Rodney will maintain
The British empire o'er the main.

LIV. SONG.

AS down on Banna's banks I stray'd, one ev'ning
in May,
The little birds, in blytheft notes, made vocal ev'ry
spray :

They sung their little tales of love, they sunk them
o'er and o'er.

Ah ! gramachree, ma cholleenouge, ma Molly
ashore !

The daisy py'd, and all the sweets the dawn of
nature yields,

The primrose pale, and vi'let blue, lay scatter'd
o'er the fields ;

Such fragrance in the bosom lies of her whom I
Ah ! gramachree, &c. [adore.

I laid me down upon a bank, bewailing my sad fate,
That doom'd me thus the slave of love, and cruel
Molly's hate ;

How can she break the honest heart, that wears her
in its core ?

Ah ! gramachree, &c.

You said you lov'd me, Molly dear : ah ! why did
I believe ?

Yet who could think such tender words were meant
but to deceive ? That

That love was all I ask'd on earth, nay, Heav'n
could give no more.

Ah! gramachree, &c.

Oh! had I all the flocks that graze on yonder yellow
hill,

Or low'd for me the num'rous herds that yon green
pasture fill;

With her I love, I'd gladly share my kine and fleecy
store.

Ah! gramachree, &c.

Two turtle-doves, above my head, sat courting on
a bough,

I envy'd them their happiness, to see them bill and
Such fondness once for me she shew'd, but now alas!
[coo,
'tis o'er.

Ah! gramachree, &c.

Then fare thee well my Molly dear, thy loss I e'er
shall moan;

While life remains in Strephon's heart, 'twill beat
for thee alone;

Though thou art false, may Heav'n on thee its
choicest blessings pour.

Ah! gramachree, ma cholleenouge, ma Molly
astore!

LV. *Sung in the Choice of Harlequin.*

AS you mean to set sail for the land of delight,
And in wedlock's soft hammocks to iwing
ev'ry night,

If you hope that your voyage successful shou'd prove,
Fill your sails with affection, your cabin with love.
Fill your sails, &c.

Let your heart, like the main-mast, be ever upright,
And

And the union you boast, like our tackle, be tight;
 Of the shoals of indiff'rence be sure to keep clear,
 And the quicksands of jealousy never come near.
 And the quicksands, &c.

If husbands e'er hope to live peaceable lives,
 They must reckon themselves, give the helm to
 their wives;

For the evener we go, boys, the better we sail,
 And on shipboard the helm is still rul'd by the tail.
 And on shipboard, &c.

Then list to your pilot, my boy, and be wise;
 If my precepts you scorn, and my maxims despise,
 A brace of proud antlers your brows may adorn,
 And a hundred to one but you double Cape Horn.
 And a hundred, &c.

LVI. SONG.

BRitain, hail! thou glory's pride,
 And envy of th' astonish'd world;
 Still thy bold fleets triumphant ride,
 Still are thy vengeful thunders hurl'd,
 Rule Britannia, Britannia rule the waves,
 Britons never will be slaves.

For heroes thou renown'd of old,
 And mighty chiefs of ancient fame;
 Thy sons still flourish great and bold,
 To guard the honours of thy name!
 Rule, &c.

A Rodney thine! call'd forth by God
 Thy dear-bought laurels to defend;
 Nations all tremble at his nod;
 Lo, Western Isles before him bend!
 Rule, &c.

B.hold

Behold, he tramples to the ground
That old perfidious Belgic friend !
See, how he stabs, with deadly wound,
Ingratitude that hellish fiend !
Rule, &c.

Let France, Spain, Hell, and Dutch unite
Against thy Heav'n-protected land ;
Brave Rodney rushes on to fight ;
Who can his conqu'ring arm withstand !
Rule, &c.

LVII. S O N G.

C Ome rise, English boys,
To sing and rejoice,
Our honour and glory display ;
For Rodney the brave
Reigns lord of the wave,
And the French England's flag must obey,
My brave boys,
And the French England's flag must obey.
For Rodney, &c.

Long our insolent foes
Our arms did oppose,
Insulted by land and by sea ;
Yet all was parade,
They still were afraid,
As at present appears boys, huzza.
My brave by, &c.

From the east to the west
We have trimm'd them confess,
And their Admiral taken, De Grasse ;
Now the Dutch, like the French,
Must their boasting retrench,
While we sing aloud, boys, huzza.
My brave boys, &c.

On

On the wide-spreading main,
Our rights to maintain,
The bold British thunder did roar ;
From morning till night
They continued the fight,
And like jolly boys cried encore.
My brave boys, &c.

Tho' a long time dismay'd,
By losses in trade,
Yet our spirit you find is not broke;
Though our insolent foes
Together oppose,
They ne'er can enslave hearts of oak.
My brave boys, &c.

To Rodney and Hughes,
Then sing now, my muse,
Who England have held up in glory ;
They have fought on the wave,
Like Englishmen brave,
And will be renowned in story.
My brave boys, &c.

LVIII. SONG.

FRiday in the morn, of April the twelfth,
For e'er to be recorded, the glorious Eighty-two,
Great Rodney did discern, with artful stealth,
The lofty fleet of France that from him flew ;
All hands aloft, he cry'd, spread ev'ry swelling sail,
See, see the Monsieur flies, he fears we shall prevail :
Let ev'ry man supply his gun ;
Follow me, you shall see,
That the battle it will soon be won.

De Grasse, who on the main indignant roll'd,
Fear'd to meet the gallant Rodney in combat on
the deep,

Though

Though he had led a mighty train of heroes bold,
 To sink the English admiral and his fleet:
 Now ev'ry gallant mind to vict'ry did aspire,
 The bloody fight began, the sea was all on fire,
 And mighty Fate stood looking on,
 Whilst a flood, all of blood,
 Thro' the dazzling Ville de Paris run.

Sulphur, smoke, and fire, disturbing the air, [fleet;
 With thunder and with wonder affright the Gallic
 Their vet'ran troops on board, quite chill'd with
 fear,

Try from our glorious admirals to retreat;
 At five o'clock, brave Hood again to drop them
 stood.

And gave the second blow, the fatal overthrow,
 While death and horror equal reign:

Now, they cry, run or die,
 British colours ride the vanquish'd main.

See, they fly amaz'd to rocks and sands!

Sure danger they grasp at to shun a greater fate;
 In vain for aid they cry to distant lands,

The nymphs and sea gods mourn their lost estate,
 For Europe now prepare, thou mighty Paris Ville,
 The voyage to England sure thy monarch's blood
 will chill.

Enough, thou mighty god of war!

Now let's sing blest the king!

Here's a health to ev'ry British tar.

LIX. *Sung in the School for Scandal.*

Here's to the maiden of bashful fifteen,
 Here's to the widow of fifty;
 Here's to the bold and extravagant quean,
 And here's to the housewife that's thrifty.

Let the toast pass,

Drink to the lass,

I warrant she'll prove an excuse for the glass.

Here's to the maid whose dimples we prize,

Likewise to her that has none, fir,

Here's to the maid with a pair of black eyes,

And here's to her that's but one, fir.

Let the toast pass, &c.

Here's to the maid with a bosom of snow,

And to her that's as brown as berry ;

Here's to the wife with a face full of woe,

And here's to the girl that is merry.

Let the toast pass, &c.

Let her be clumsy, or let her be thin,

Young or ancient, I care not a feather ;

So fill a pint bumper quite up to the brim,

And e'en let us toast them together.

Let the toast pass, &c.

LX. *Sung in the Quaker.*

I Lock'd up all my treasure !

I journey'd many a mile ;

And by my grief did measure

The passing time the while.

My business done and over,

I hasten'd back again,

Like an expecting lover,

To view it once again.

But this delight was stifled

As it began to dawn,

I found the casket rifled,

And all my treasure gone.

LXI. Song

LXI. SONG.

WHen glorious Eliza was England's bright star,
When Howard and Raleigh commanded
the war.

The Spanish Armada was sunk at their feet,
Whilst this was the chorus among the brave fleet.

For freedom we Britons will range o'er the flood,
To guard happy England, or lose our hearts blood.

Again did Spain tremble at sight of our Drake,
And louder the sea-lion roar'd with our Blake;
The arm of our Russel won England renown,
While Tourville lost France her desir'd naval crown.

For freedom, &c.

Brave Vernon their strong Porto Bello threw down,
With only six ships did he conquer the town;
They trembled while Anson encompass'd the world,
Who soon on the French let his thunders be hurl'd.

For freedom, &c.

To Hosier and Cornwall we'll still shed a tear,
Whose memories long be to Englishmen dear;
But Hawke gave us spirits, and France humble made
Retriev'd all our fame, and protected our trade.

For freedom, &c.

What tho' both their navies are potent again,
Brave Rodney shall meet them, and lessen their train:
The insolent Dons to their sorrow shall know
Their help is in vain 'gainst so powerful a foe.

For freedom, &c.

Then let us unite 'gainst these wretched poltroons,
We'll sink the French fleet, and take Spanish gal-
leons,

This will chear up the spirits of each British tar,
C Make

Make the French sue for peace, and proud Spain
rue the war.

For freedom, &c.

To George and to Charlotte a bumper put round,
May they and their offspring with blessings be
crown'd!

May health, peace, and plenty be seen in our streets!
Here's again to the king, and success to our fleets.

For freedom, &c.

LXII. SONG.

IN fabulous pages, where grave tutor train us,
The salt-water sov'reign is call'd Oceanus;
His spouse was deliver'd, by man-midwife Triton,
Of this sea-girt island, his fav'rite Britain.

The Naiads were nurses; old Trident declar'd,
'To embellish his offspring no pains shou'd be spar'd:
By flying-fish drawn, to Olympus he drove,
And petition'd the gods, that his suit they'd approve.

I'll make it, quoth Jupiter, king of the sea;
Avast! reply'd Neptune, pray leave that to me:
I'll guard it with shoals, and I'll make their lads
seamen.

Strong Hercules holla'd---I'll make 'em all freemen.

And what will you make? Venus whisper'd to
Mars;---

I'll make them all soldiers, that Nep. don't make [tars,
Momus smil'd; as that droll always merrily means,
He begg'd they'd go partners, and make 'em ma-
rines.

Quoth Saturn, much time I'll allow 'em for thinking;
Buck Bacchus reply'd, no, allow it for drinking:
But Mercury answer'd, a fig for your wine,
The art of time-killing by card-playing's mine.

By

By Styx, quoth Apollo, but Hermes, you're bit;
 'Gainst gaming I'll send 'em an antidote,---wit:
 In England, laugh'd Momus, wit no one regards,
 Save that sort of wit that's in---playing your cards.

Well, well, replies Phœbus, I'll mend their conditions,

I'll teach 'em to fiddle, and send 'em physicians.
 'Mong fiddlers, quoth Momus, true harmony's scarce;
 And as to your doctorship,---physic's a farce.

Says Venus, I'll people this island with beauties,
 And tempt married men to be true to their duties.---
 You to married-men's duty a friend! bawl'd out

Juno, [you know.
 You're a strumpet, you slut, and that I know and

Then turning to Jove, who look'd pale she began,---
 I'll spoil your Olympical gift-giving plan:

Herself not consulted, she vow'd she wou'd wrong us,
 Blew a scold from her mouth, and sent party among
 us.

God Bacchus, to counterpoise Juno's rash action,
 Commanded Silenus to seize upon Faction;
 Swift flitted the fiend, the old toper outsped,
 Whilst Semele's son sent a flask at his head.

The imp, by the blow, speechless fell to the ground
 May wine thus for every foul faction confound:
 Unanimity! that, that's the toast of our hearts,
 Though no party-men here, here's to all men of
 parts.

LXIII. SONG.

I Winna marry ony mon but Sandy o'er the lee;
 I winna ha the Dominee, for geud he canna be;
 But I will ha my Sandy lad, my Sandy o'er the lee,
 For he's aye a kissing, kissing, aye a kissing me.

I will not have the minister for all his godly looks;
Nor yet will I the lawyer have, for all his wily
crooks: [miller;

I will not have the plowman lad, nor yet will I the
But I will have my Sandy lad, without one penny
filler.

For he's aye a kissing, &c.

I will not have the soldier lad, for he gangs to the
war; [tar:

I will not have the sailor lad, because he smells of

I will not have the lord or laird, for all their mickle
gear; [meir.

But I will have my Sandy lad, my Sandy o'er the
For he's aye a kissing, &c.

LXIV. S O N G.

Since the world is so old, and the times are so
new,

And every thing talk'd of, except what is true;

Among other stories my fable may pass,

Of four or five sweethearts who courted a lass.

Derry down, &c.

The first was from France, à-la-mode de Paris,
All fashion, all feather, bien monsieur poudrie;
He bow'd, he took snuff, cut a caper, and then
He bow'd, cut a caper, and took snuff agen.

A Dutchman advanc'd,---when the lady he saw,
He drop'd down his pipe, and he blutter'd out Yaw;
With hands hid in pocket, and unpolish'd leer,
As frogs sing in courtship, so croak'd out Mynheer.

From Connaught itself, another beau came,
Macfinnin Macgraph Ballinbrough was his name;
He bow'd to the lass and he star'd at Monsieur.

Clapp'd hand on his sword, and said, Ah!-----

Arrah my dear!

The

The next a Mess John, of rank methodist taint,
Who thought like a sinner, but look'd like a saint,
Clos'd his hands, twirl'd his thumbs, moving muckle
his face,

Then turn'd up his eyes about to say grace.

A neat English sailor, in holiday trim,
Who had long lov'd the lass, and the lass had lov'd
him ;

Athwart them all stept, under arm tofs'd his switch,
Squar'd his hat, op'd his pouch, gave his trowsers
a hitch.

He along-side her fell, and he grappl'd on board ;
She struck the first broadside of kisses he pour'd :
Then he tow'd her to church ; and as to the rest.
What afterwards follow'd is easily guess'd.

Derry down, &c.

LXV. *Sung at Vauxhall.*

Sound the fife---beat the drum---to my standard
repair,

All ye lads who will conquer or die ;
At request of my sex, as a captain I'm here,
The men's courage and valour to try.

'Tis your king and your country now call for your
And the ladies command you to go ; [aid,
By me they announce it, and you who're afraid,
Or refuse, our vengeance shall know.

Then first, to the single---these things I declare,
So each maiden most firmly decrees,
Not a kiss will be granted by black, brown, or fair,
Not an ogle, a sigh, or a squeeze.

To the married---if they but look glum or say no,
Should the monster dare bluster or huff,
We've determin'd *nem. con.* that their foreheads
A word to the wife is enough. [shall shew---

These punishments we've, *in terrorem*, proclaim'd;
 But still should your courage be lacking,
 As our *dernier resort*, this resolve shall be nam'd,
 Which, egad! will fend you all packing:
 We'll the breeches assume---'pon my honour 'tis
 true---

So determine maids, widows, and wives:
 First we'll march---beat the French---then march
 back and beat you---
 Aye, and wear 'em the rest of our lives.

LXVI. SONG.

THE wand'ring sailor ploughs the main,
 A competence in life to gain;
 Undaunted braves the stormy seas,
 To find at last content and ease;
 In hopes, when toil and danger's o'er,
 To anchor on his native shore.

When winds blow hard, and mountains roll,
 And thunders shake from pole to pole;
 Tho' dreadful waves surrounding foam,
 Still flatt'ring fancy wafts him home;
 In hopes, when toil and danger's o'er,
 To anchor on his native shore.

When round the bowl the jovial crew
 The early scenes of youth renew;
 Tho' each his fav'rite fair will boast,
 This is the universal toast;
 May we, when toil and danger's o'er,
 Cast anchor on our native shore!

LXVII. *Sung by Mr. Banister.*

THUS, thus, my boys, our anchor's weigh'd;
 See Britain's glorious flag display'd!
 Unfurl the swelling sail!

Sound,

Sound, sound your shells, ye tritons sound !
Let every heart with joy rebound !

We scud before the gale.

See Neptune quits his wat'ry car,
Depos'd by Jove's decree,
Who hails a free-born British tar
The sov'reign of the sea.

Now, now we leave the land behind,
Our loving wives, and sweethearts kind,
Perhaps to meet no more !

Great George commands ; it must be so ;
And glory calls ; then let us go !

Nor sigh a wish for shore.

For Neptune, &c.

A sail a-head, our decks we clear ;
Our canvas croud ; the chace we near :

In vain the Frenchman flies.

A broadside pour'd through clouds of smoke,
Our captain roars---My hearts of oak,

Now draw, and board your prize !

For Neptune, &c.

The scuppers run with Gallic gore ;
The white rag struck, Monsieur no more
Disputes the British sway.

A prize ! we tow her into port,
And hark ! salutes from ev'ry fort !

Huzza, my souls, huzza !

For Neptune, &c.

LXVIII. SONG.

Wherever I'm going, and all the day long,
Abroad, or at home, or alone in a throng,
I find that my passion's so lively and strong, [song.
That your name, when I'm silent, runs still in my

D 4

Sing

Sing Balinamone Ora, Balinamone Ora.
 Balinamone Ora, a kifs of your sweet lips for me.

Since the first time I saw you I take no repose ;
 I sleep all the day to forget half my woes :
 So hot is the flame in my bosom which glows,
 By St. Patrick, I fear it will burn thro' my clothes.

Sing Balinamone Ora, Balinamone Ora,
 Your pretty black hair for me.

In my conscience I fear I shall die in my grave,
 Unless you comply, and poor Phelim will shave,
 And grant the petition your lover does crave,
 Who never was free till you made him your slave.

Sing Balinamone Ora, Balinamone Ora,
 Your pretty black eyes for me.

On that happy day, when I make you my bride,
 With a swinging long sword how I'll strut and I'll
 stride !

In a coach and six horses with honey I'll ride,
 As before you I walk to the church by your side.

Sing Balinamone Ora, Balinamone Ora,
 Your little white fist for me.

LXIX. *Sung in the Camp.*

WHen war's alarms entic'd my Willy from me,
 My poor heart with grief did sigh,
 Each fond remembrance brought fresh sorrow on
 I 'woke ere yet the morn was nigh : (me
 No other could delight him,
 Ah ! why did I e'er slight him,
 Coldly answering his fond tale ?
 Which drove him far
 Amid the rage of war,
 And left silly me thus to bewail.

But

But I no longer, tho' a maid forsaken,
 Thus will mourn like yonder dove,
 For ere the lark to-morrow shall awaken,
 I will seek my absent love;
 The hostile country over,
 I'll fly to seek my lover,
 Scorning ev'ry threat'ning fear;
 Nor distant shore,
 Nor cannons roar,
 Shall longer keep me from my dear.

LXX. S O N G.

THE simmer 'gan to smile, and nature looked
 gay,

When I was attending on auld Robin Gray;
 For he was sick at heart, and had na Friend beside,
 But only me, poor Jenny, who newly was his bride:
 Ah, Jenny I shall dee, he cry'd, as sure as I had
 birth,

Then see my poor auld bones, I pray laid in the
 earth,

And keep a widow for my sake a twal'month and a
 day,

To thee I'll leave whate'er belongs to auld Robin
 Gray.

I laid poor Robin in the earth, as decent as I cou'd,
 And shed a tear upon his grave, for he was very
 gude;

Then took my rock and reel in hand, and at my
 lot I sigh'd,

Ah! wae is me, what shall I do fine poor auld Ro-
 bin dy'd:

Search every part throughout the land, there's none
 like me forlorn,

I'm ready e'en to ban the day, that ever I was born;
 But

For Jamie, al I lov'd on earth ; ah ! he is gane awa ;
My Faither's dead, my Mither's dead, and eke auld
Robin Gray.

I rose up with the morning sun, and span till setting
day,

And one whole year of widowhood, I mourn'd for
Robin Gray :

I did the duty of a wife, was kind and constant too ;
Let every one example tak, and Jenny's plan pursue.
I thought my Jamie he was dead, or to me he was
lost,

And all my fond and youthful love entirely was
cross'd ;

I try to sing, I try to laugh, to pass the time away,
'Thinking al my friends were dead, when dy'd auld
Robin Gray.

At length the merry bells rang roun, I cou'dna
guess the cause,

Bra' Rodney was the man they said, who gain'd so
much applause ;

I ken'na if the tale was true, till Jamie came to me,
And shew'd a purse of gou'den ore, and said it's a
for thee,

I ken auld Robin Gray, is dead, your heart is true
to me,

'Then take me Jenny to your arms, Ise be gude mon
to thee ;

Mess John shall join us at the kirk, and we'll be
blithe and gay ;

I smil'd consent, and then reply'd, adieu auld Ro-
bin Gray.

LXXI. *Sung in the Wives Reveng'd.*

Sing the loves of John and Jane,
Sing the loves of Jane and John ;

John

John for her would leave a Queen,
 Jane for him the noblest Don :
 She's his Queen, he's her Don,
 John loves Jane, and Jane loves John.

Whate'er rejoices happy Jane,
 Is sure to burst the sides of John ;
 Does she for grief look pale and lean,
 He instantly is pale and wan :
 Thin and lean, pale and wan,
 John loves Jane, and Jane loves John.

'Twas the lilly hand of Jane,
 Fill'd the glass of happy John,
 And heav'ns how joyful was she seen,
 When he was for a licence gone ;
 Joyful seen, they'll dance anon,
 For John weds Jane, and Jane weds John.

John has ta'en to wife his Jane,
 Jane's become the spouse of John ;
 She no longer is his Queen,
 He no longer is her Don :
 No more Queen, no more Don,
 John hates Jane, and Jane hates John.

Whate'er 'tis that pleases Jane,
 Is certain now to displease John ;
 With scolding they're grown thin and lean,
 With spleen and spite they're pale and wan :
 Thin and lean, pale and wan,
 John hates Jane, and Jane hates John.

They're not so civil now they're wed,
 For he thumps her, she breaks his head ;
 John prays Heaven to take his Queen,
 Jane at the Devil wishes John :
 Heaven take Jane, the Devil take John,
 This is a marriage quite the Ton.

LXXII. *Sung in the Wives Reveng'd.*

CURTIS was old Hodge's Wife,
 For virtue none was ever such,
 She led so pure and chaste a life,
 Hodge said 'twas virtue over much :
 For says sly old Hodge says he,
 Great talkers do the least, d'ye see.

Curtis said if men were rude,
 She'd scratch their eyes out, tear their hair ;
 Says Hodge I b'lieve thou'rt wond'rous good,
 However let us nothing swear :
 For says sly old Hodge, &c.

One night she dreamt a drunken fool,
 Be rude in spite of her would fain ;
 She made no more, but joint o' stool,
 Falls on her husband might and main,
 Still says sly old Hodge, &c.

By that time she had broke his nose,
 Hodge made a shift to wake his wife,
 My dear says she judge by these blows,
 I prize my virtue more than life,
 Still says sly old Hodge, &c.

I dreamt a rude man on me fell,
 However I his project marr'd ;
 Dear wife says Hodge, 'tis mighty well,
 But next time don't hit quite so hard,
 For says sly old Hodge, says he,
 Great talkers do the least, d'ye see.

LXXIII. SONG.

RECITATIVE.

THE whistling ploughman hails the blushing
 dawn,
 The thrush melodious drowns the rustic note,
 Loud

Loud sings the blackbird thro' resounding groves,
And the lark soars to meet the rising sun.

A I R.

Away, to the copse lead away;
And now, my boys, throw off the hounds:
I'll warrant he shews us some play;
See, yonder he skulks thro' the grounds.
Then spur your brisk courseters, and smoke 'em, my
bloods:

'Tis a delicate scent-lying morn:
What concert is equal to those of the woods,
Betwixt echo, the hounds, and the horn?
Each earth see he tries at in vain,
In cover no safety can find;
So he breaks it, and scours amain,
And leaves us a distance behind.
O'er rocks, and o'er rivers, and hedges we fly,
All hazard and danger we scorn;
Stout reynard we'll follow until that he die;
Chear up the good dogs with the horn.
And now he scarce creeps thro' the dale,
All parch'd from his mouth hangs his tongue;
His speed can no longer avail,
Nor his life can his cunning prolong.
From our staunch and fleet pack 'twas in vain that
he fled.

See his brush falls bemir'd forlorn;
The farmers with pleasure behold him lie dead,
And shout to the sound of the horn.

LXXVI. SONG.

THE breed came forth frae the barn,
And she was diting her cheeks;
How can I be married to-day,
That ha' neither blankets, ne sheets?
That ha' neither blankets, ne sheets,

And

And wants a covernig too?
 The breed that has aw things to borrow,
 Has e'en right muckle to do.
 Woo'd and marry'd and aw,
 Marry'd and woo'd and aw;
 And was she not very weel off,
 To be woo'd and marry'd and aw?

What is the matter? quoth Wolly,
 Though we be scant o' claiths,
 We's creep the claister together,
 And drive away the flees,
 The summer is coming on,
 And we's get pickles a woo;
 We's fee a lais of our ain,
 And she'll spin blankets enow.
 Woo'd and marry'd, &c.

Then up spake the breed's mother,
 The deel flick aw this preed!
 I had ne a plack in my pocket
 The day I was made a breed.
 My gown was linsfey winsfey,
 And ne'er a fark at aw;
 And yo ha' gowns and buskins,
 Mair than ane or twa.
 Woo'd and marry'd, &c.

Then up spake the breed's fether,
 As he came in frae the plough:
 Hawd your tongue, my daughter,
 And yese get geer enough;
 The stirk that gaus in the tether,
 And our brawd bassen yade,
 To lade your corn in harvest:
 What wad ye ha', you jade?
 Woo'd and marry'd, &c.

Then

Then up spake the breed's brother,
 As he came home frae the kye;
 Wolly wou'd ne'er ha' had you,
 Had he known you as weel as I;
 For you're baith proud, and saucy,
 Ne fit for a poor mon's wife;
 Gin I ne'er ha' a better than you,
 I'll ne'er ha' ane in my life.
 Woo'd and marry'd, &c.

Then up spake the breed's sister,
 As she sat down by the fire;
 O gin I married to-neet,
 'Tis aw that I'd desire;
 But I, pure girl, must live single,
 And do the best I can;
 I did not care what came o'me,
 So I had but a gude man.
 Woo'd and marry'd and aw,
 Marry'd and woo'd and aw;
 And was she not very weel off,
 To be woo'd and marry'd and aw?

LXXV. SONG.

CAN love be controul'd by advice?
 Can madness and reason agree?
 O Molly! who'd ever be wise,
 If madness is loving of thee?
 Let sages pretend to despise
 The joys they want spirits to taste;
 Let me seize on old Time as he flies,
 And the blessings of life while the last.
 Dull wisdom but adds to our cares;
 Brisk love will improve ev'ry joy:
 Too soon we may meet with grey hairs;
 Too late may repent being coy.

Then

Then Mily for what should we stay,
 Till all our best blood does run cold ?
 Our youth we can have but to-day,
 We may always find time to grow old.

LXXVI. SONG.

'TIS woman that seduces all mankind,
 By her we first were taught the wheedling arts
 Her very eyes can cheat, when most she's kind,
 She tricks us of our money with our hearts :
 For her, like wolves, by night we roam for prey,
 And practise ev'ry fraud to bribe her charms ;
 For suits of love, like law, are won by pay,
 And beauty must be feed into our arms.

LXXVII. SONG.

THE modes of the court so common are grown
 That a true friend can hardly be met ;
 Friendship for interest is but a loan,
 Which they let out for what they can get.

'Tis true, you find
 Some friends so kind,
 Who will give you good counsel themselves to de-
 I, sorrowful ditty, [send,
 They promise, they pity ;
 But shift you for money from friend to friend.

LXXVIII. SONG.

YOUTH's the season made for joy,
 Love is then our duty,
 She alone who that employs,
 Well deserves her beauty.

Let's be gay,
 While we may,
 Beauty's a flower despis'd in decay.
 Youth's the season, &c.

Let

Let us drink and sport to day,
Our's is not to-morrow ;
Love with youth flies swift away,
Age is nought but sorrow.
Dance and sing,
Time's on the wing,
Life never knows the return spring.
Let us drink, &c.

LXXVIX. SONG.

MY temples with clusters of grapes I'll entwine,
And barter all joy for a goblet of wine;
In search of a Venus no longer I'll run,
But stop and forget her at Bacchus's tun.

Yet why this resolve to relinquish the fair;
 'Tis a folly with spirits like mine to despair,
 For what mighty charms can be found in a glass,
 If not fill'd to the health of some favourite lass?

Tis women whose charms ev'ry rapture impart,
And lend a new spring to the pulse of the heart :
The miser himself (so supreme is her sway)
Grows convert to love, and resigns her his key.

At the sound of her voice sorrow lifts up her head,
And poverty listens well pleas'd from her shed;
While age, in an extasy, hobbling along,
Beats time with his crutch to the tune of her song.

Then bring me a goblet from Bacchus's hoard,
The largeit and deepest that stands on the board :
I'll fill up a brimmer, and drink to the fair ;
'Tis the thirst of a lover, and pledge me who dare.

LXXX. SONG.

VAT mean you Shon English, you make dis
great poder,
Wit your beef and your puthen, your dis, dat, and
t'other; Pray

Pray vat do you mean, fir, hit de Frenchman in the
teef,

Wit your beef and your puthen, your puthen and
beef. Derry down, &c.

What tho' we've no beef nor no puthen to eat,
We have de fine frogs dat be very cood meat;
We make de frigafec, with bon soup and fallat,
Which very well suits wit de grand Frenchman's
pallat. Derry down, &c.

You say dat your beef make you ne'er fear de gon;
But remember Shon English, we make you to run
After us at Blenheim and Malplaquet battle,
Where the gons they do rore, and de drums they
do rattle. Derry down, &c.

Eut now we must tell you with much complaisance,
We intended to have pay'd you one visit from France;
And if monsieur Hawke would let us come over
In our flat-bottom boats, we'd land just at Dover.
Derry down, &c.

But de de'el pick de Hawke, he will not fly away,
But in de Breit harbour oblige us to stay,
Come squinting, and peeping, and play his mad
frolic;

Which gave our poor sailors von fit of de coplic.
Derry down, &c.

Eut now we vill tell you vat come by and bye,
Our admiral he takes out his glas for to spy;
He halloas, trufs up boys, there's nothing to fear,
Shon English be gone, and de coast it be clear.
Derry down, &c.

Then we sail'd out a-main, and we thought to do
something,
But de dogs came again, and vid balls big as pumkin,
They

They pounce us, and pelt us, and make such a clatter,
Dat two or tree of our ships fell down in the vater.
Derry down, &c.

Then monsieur Conflans was in a very great passion,
And thought he'd do something for de honour of
his nation;
He boldly commands and without more delay,
You dogs take your heels and let's all run away.
Derry down, &c.

LXXXI. SONG.

YE well chose Choice Spirits who blazon this
throng,
Offended be not at this joke of a song;
No party, profession, nor sex I provoke,
No satire I sing, for I sing but in joke,
Sing tantarara joke all.

Let Stoics pretend to set jests at defiance,
Let schoolmen pedantical preach up for science,
Let self-thinking wise ones a sapience call,
What's all that they know? why a joke's worth it
all. Sing tantarara, &c.

That life's like a song, preach the fables of old;
Poets make it a tale, by a poor idiot told;
Gay calls it a jest, but 'tis proper each man
Of this song, tale, or joke, to make all that he can.
Sing tantarara, &c.

The lady observe, when the lover grows pressing,
How faint she forbids his attempts at possessing!
With a frown, by love soften'd, she cries 'tis pro-
voking,
O dear sir, be quiet; yet she is but joking.
Sing tantarara, &c.
When

When the tithe-taking priest would a bishopric
choose,

The first time 'tis offer'd, in jest he'll refuse ;
He gravely cries, no ; but, tho' gravely he spoke,
When you see him a bishop, you see 'twas a joke.

Sing tantarara, &c.

When the bait of electors, in English a bribe,
Is offer'd, or thrust on the vote selling tribe,
They cry, O dear God ! Why, my lord ! nay, I've
swore ?

Yet they pocket the pelf, and are mad 'twas no more.

Sing tantarara, &c.

Tho' the wife may admit in her dull husband's room
The white-stocking footman, or stable-bred groom,
She don't think that her vow at the altar is broke,
For she meant by her marriage no more than a joke.

Sing tantarara, &c.

We are all made a joke of, by one or another,
This drolls on his father, and that on his brother.
By ev'ry day's practice, our wits have confess'd,
That they sooner would forfeit their friend than
their jest.

Sing tantarara, &c.

The joke thus goes on from our cradle to coffin,
The time fill'd between is fit only for laughing,
The last joke I mention, I'm sure you'll attest ;
For you all must allow that my singing's a jest.

Sing tantarara, &c.

LXXXII. SONG.

COME, rouse, brother sportsmen, the hunters
all cry,

We've got a strong scent and a fav'ring sky ;
The horns sprightly notes, and the lark's early song,
Will chide the dull sportsmen for sleeping so long.
Bright

Bright Phœbus has shewn us the glimpse of his face,
Peep'd in at our windows, and call'd to the chace;
He soon will be up, for his dawn wears away,
And makes the fields blush with the beams of his
ray.

Sweet Molly, may tease you, perhaps, to lie down,
And, if you refuse her, perhaps, she may frown:
But tell her, that love must to hunting give place;
For, as well as her charms, there are charms in the
chace.

Look yonder, look yonder, old Reynard I spy;
At his brush nimbly follows brisk Chanter and Fly;
They seize on their prey; see his eye-balls they roll;
We're in at the death---now let's home to the bowl.
There we'll fill up our glasses, and toast to the king,
From a bumper fresh loyalty ever will spring;
To George, peace and glory may heaven dispense,
And foxhunters flourish a thousand years hence.

LXXXIII. SONG.

Bacchus, one day, gaily striding
On his never failing tun,
Sneaking Aquapotes deriding
Thus address'd each toping son;
Praise the joys that never vary,
And adore the liquid shrine;
All things noble, bright, and airy
Are perform'd by gen'rons wine.
Pristine heroes crown'd with glory,
Owe their noble rise to me;
Homer wrote the flaming story,
Fir'd by my divinity:
If my influence is wanting,
Music's charms but slowly move,

Beauty

Beauty too in vain lies panting,
Till I fill the swain with love.

If you crave eternal pleasure,
Mortals! this way bend your eyes,
From my ever-flowing treasure
Charming scenes of bliss arise;
Here's the charming, soothing blessing,
Sole dispeller of all pain,
Gloomy souls from care releasing,
He, who drinks not, lives in vain.

LXXXIV. SONG.

DO you hear, brother sportsmen, the sound of
the horn,
And yet the sweet pleasure decline?
For shame, rouse your senses, and, ere it is morn,
With me the sweet melody join:
Thro' the wood and the valley the traitor we'll rally,
Nor quit him till panting he lies;
While hounds, in full cry, thro' hedges shall fly,
And chase the swift hare till she dies.
Then saddle your steed, to the meadows and fields
Both willing and joyous repair;
No pastime in life greater happiness yields
Than chasing the fox and the hare.
For such comforts, my friend, on the sportsman
attend,
No pleasure like hunting is found,
For when it is o'er, as brisk as before,
Next morning we spurn up the ground.

LXXXV. SONG.

WELL met, pretty nymph, says a jolly young
swain
To a lovely young shepherdes crossing the plain;
Why

Why so much in haste ? (now the month it was May)
 Shall I venture to ask you, fair maiden which way ?
 Then straight to this question the nymph did reply,
 With a smile in her look and a leer in her eye,
 I came from the village, and homeward I go ;
 And now gentle shepherd, pray why would you
 know ?

I hope, pretty maid, you wont take it amiss,
 If I tell you the reason of asking you this ;
 I would see you safe home (the swain was in love)
 Of such a companion if you would approve.
 Your offer, kind shepherd, is civil I own,
 But I see no great danger in going alone ;
 Nor yet can I hinder, the road being free
 For one as another, for you as for me.

No danger in going alone it is true,
 But yet a companion is pleasanter too :
 And if you would like (now the swain he took heart)
 Such a sweetheart as me, we never would part.
 Oh ! that's a long word, said the shepherdess then ;
 I've often heard say, there's no minding you men ;
 You'll say and unsay, and you'll flatter, 'tis true ;
 Then leave a young maiden the first thing you do.

Oh ! judge not so harshly, the shepherd reply'd ;
 To prove what I say, I will make you my bride ;
 To morrow the parson (well said, little swain)
 Shall join both our hands, and make one of us twain :
 Then what the nymph answer'd to this is not said ;
 The very next morn to be sure they were wed :
 Sing he diddle, ho diddle, hey diddle down ;
 Now when shall we see such a wedding in town.

LXXXVI. SONG.

I Have been in love, and in debt, and in drink,
 This many and many a year :

And

And these are three plagues enough, I should think,
 For any poor mortal to bear.
 'Twas love made me fall into drink,
 And drink made me fall into debt;
 And tho' I have struggl'd and struggl'd and strove,
 I cannot get rid of them yet.

There's nothing but money can cure me,
 And rid me of all my pains;
 'Twill pay all my debts,
 And remove all my lets;
 And my mistress, that cannot endure me,
 Will love me and love me again:
 Then, then I'll fall to my loving and drinking again.

LXXXVII. SONG.

HARK! the hollow woods resounding
 Echo to the hunter's cry;
 Hark! how all the vales surrounding,
 To his chearing voice reply.
 Now so swift o'er hills aspiring,
 He pursues the gay delight;
 Distant woods and vales retiring,
 Seem to vanish from his sight.

Hark! the hollow woods resounding
 Echo to the hunter's cry;
 Hark! how all the vales surrounding
 To his chearing voice reply.

Flying still, and still pursuing,
 See the fox, the hounds, the men;
 Cunning cannot save from ruin,
 Far from refuge, wood, and den.
 Now they kill him, homeward hie him,
 For a jovial night's repast:
 Thus no sorrow e'er comes nigh them,
 Health continues to the last.

LXXXVIII.

LXXXVIII. SONG.

RECITATIVE.

NEAR a thick grove, whose deep embow'ring
 shade
 Seem'd most for love and contemplation made,
 A crystal stream with gentle murmurs flows,
 Whose flow'ry banks are form'd for soft repose :
 Thither retir'd from Phœbus sultry ray,
 And lull'd in sleep, fair Iphigenia lay.
 Cymon, a clown, who never dreamt of love,
 By chance was stumbling to the neighb'ring grove:
 He trudg'd along, unknowing what he sought,
 And whistled as he went for want of thought :
 But when he first beheld the sleeping maid,
 He gap'd---he star'd ! her lovely form survey'd :
 And while with artless voice he sweetly sung,
 Beauty and nature thus inform'd his tongue.

AIR.

The stream that glides in murmurs by,
 Whose glassy bosom shews the sky,
 Completes the rural scene,
 Completes the rural scene :
 But in thy bosom, charming maid,
 All heav'n itself is sure display'd,
 Too lovely Iphigene,
 Too lovely Iphigene !

RECITATIVE.

She wakes and starts---poor Cymon trembling stands
 Down falls the staff from his unnerved hands :
 Bright excellence, said he, dispel all fear ;
 Where honour's present, sure no danger's near.
 Half-rais'd, with gentle accent she replies,
 Oh, Cymon ! if 'tis you, I need not rise ;

D

Thy

Thy honest heart no wrong can entertain ;
 Pursue thy way, and let me sleep again :
 The clown, transported, was not silent long,
 But thus with extasy pursu'd his song.

AIR.

Thy jetty locks, that careless break,
 In wanton ringlets, down thy neck ;
 Thy love-inspiring mien,
 Thy love-inspiring mien ;
 Thy swelling bosom, skin of snow,
 And taper shape, inchant me so,
 I die for Iphigene,
 I die for Iphigene.

RECITATIVE.

Amaz'd, she listens, nor can trace from whence
 The former clod is thus inspir'd with sense ;
 She gazes---finds him comely, tall, and strait,
 And thinks he might improve his auk'ard gait ;
 Bids him be secret, and next day attend,
 At the same hour, to meet his faithful friend :
 Thus mighty love could teach a clown to plead ;
 And nature's language surest will succeed.

AIR.

Love's a pure a sacred fire,
 Kindling gentle, chaste desire ;
 Love can raise itself control,
 And elevate, and elevate the human soul :
 Depriv'd of that, our wretched state
 Had made our lives of two long date ;
 But blest with beauty, and with love,
 Blest with beauty, and with love,
 We taste what angels do above,
 What angels do above.

LXXXIX. SONG.

SUMMER.

WHEN daisies py'd, and violets blue,
 And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue,
 And lady-smocks, all silver white,
 Do paint the meadows with delight ;
 The cuckoo, then, on ev'ry tree,
 Mocks married men ; for thus sings he,
 Cuckoo ! cuckoo ! O word of fear,
 Unpleasing to a married ear.

When shepherds pipe on oaten straws,
 And merry larks are plowmen's clocks ;
 When turtles tread, and rooks and daws,
 And maidens bleach their summer smocks ;
 The cuckoo, then, on ev'ry tree,
 Mocks married men ; for thus sings he,
 Cuckoo ! cuckoo ! O word of fear,
 Unpleasing to a married ear.

WINTER.

When icicles hang by the wall,
 And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,
 And Tom bears logs into the hall,
 And milk comes frozen home in pail :
 When blood is nipt, and ways be foul,
 Then nightly sings the staring owl ;
 Tu-whit-tu-whoo, tu-whit-tu-whoo, a merry merry
 note,
 While greasy Joan do keel the pot.
 When all aloud the wind doth blow,
 And coughing drowns the parson's saw,
 And birds sits brooding in the snow
 And Marian's nose looks red and raw :

D 2

Then

Then roasted crabs his in the bowl,
 And nightly sings the staring owl,
 Tu-whit-tu-whoo, a merry merry note,
 While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

XC. SONG.

O Nancy, wilt thou go with me,
 Nor sigh to leave the flaunting town :
 Can silent glens have charms for thee,
 The lowly cot and russet gown ?
 No longer dress in silken sheen,
 No longer deck'd with jewels rare,
 Say, canst thou quit each courtly scene,
 Where thou wert fairest of the fair ?

O Nancy ! when thou'rt far away,
 Wilt thou not cast a wish behind ?
 Say, canst thou face the parching ray,
 Nor shrink before the wintry wind ?
 O can that soft and gentle mien
 Extremes of hardship learn to bear,
 Nor, sad, regret each courtly scene,
 Where thou wert fairest of the fair ?

O Nancy ! canst thou love so true,
 Thro' perils keen with me to go,
 Or, when thy swain mishap shall rue,
 To share with him the pang of woe ?
 Say, should disease or pain befall,
 Wilt thou assume the nurse's care,
 Nor wistful those gay scenes recal
 Where thou wert fairest of the fair ?

And when at last thy love shall die,
 Wilt thou receive his parting breath ?
 Wilt thou repress each struggling sigh,
 And cheer with smiles the bed of death ?

And.

And wilt thou o'er his breathless clay
 Strew flowers, and drop thy tender tear;
 Nor then regret those scenes so gay,
 Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

XCI. SONG.

THE smiling morn, the blooming spring,
 Invite the chearful birds to sing;
 And, while they warble on each spray,
 Love melts the universal lay:
 Let us, Amanda, timely wise,
 Like them improve the hour that flies,
 And in soft raptures waste the day
 Among the birks of Endermay.

For soon the winter of the year,
 And age, life's winter, will appear:
 At this thy living bloom will fade,
 As that will strip the verdant shade:
 Our taste of pleasure then is o'er,
 'The feather'd songsters are no more;
 And when they droop, and we decay,
 Adieu the birks of Endermay.

Behold the hills and vales around
 With lowing herds and flocks abound;
 The wanton kids and frisky lambs
 Gambol and dance about their dams;
 The busy bee, with humming noise,
 And all the reptile kind rejoice:
 Let us, like them, then sing and play
 About the birks of Endermay.

XCII. SONG.

COME, come, my jolly lads,
 The wind's abaft,
 D 3.

Brisk

Brisk gales our sails shall crowd ;
Come buffle, buffle, buffle boys :

Haul the boat,
The boatswain pipes aloud ;
The ship's unmoor'd,
All hands on board,
The rising gale
Fills ev'ry sail ;

The ship's well mann'd and stor'd.
Then sling the flowing bowl,
Fond hopes arise ;
The girls we prize
Shall blefs each jovial soul :
The can, boys, bring,
We'll drink and sing,
While foaming billows roll.

Tho' to the Spanish coast
We're bound to steer,
We'll still our rights maintain ;
Then bear a hand, be steady, boys,
Soon we'll see
Old England once again :
From shore to shore
While cannons roar,
Our tars shall shew
The haughty foe,
Britannia rules the main.

Then sling the flowing bowl, &c.

XCIH. SONG.

NOW's the time for mirth and glee,
Sing, and love, and laugh with me ;
Cupid is my theme of story :
'Tis his godship's fame and glory,

How

How all yield unto his law !
Ha ! ha ! ha ! ha ! ha ! ha ! ha !

O'er the grave, and o'er the gay,
Cupid takes his share of play :
He makes heroes quit their glory :
He's the god most fam'd in story ;
Bending them unto his law !
Ha ! ha ! &c.

Sly the urchin deals his darts,
Without pity---piercing hearts :
Cupid triumphs over passions,
Not regarding modes or fashions.
Firmly fix'd is Cupid's law !
Ha ! ha ! &c.

Some may think these lines not true,
But they're facts---'twixt me and you :
Then, ye maids and men, be wary,
How you meet before ye marry :
Cupid's will is solely law !
Ha ! ha ! &c.

XCIV. SONG.

Guardian angels now protect me,
Send to me the swain I love ;
Cupid with thy bow direct me,
Help me, all ye pow'rs above.
Bear him my sighs, ye gentle breezes,
Tell him I love and I despair ;
Tell him, for him I grieve,
Say 'tis for him I live ;
O may the shepherd be sincere !

Thro' the shady groves I'll wander,
Silent as the bird of night ;

D 4

Near

Near the brink of yonder fountain
 First Leander blest'd my sight;
 Witness, ye groves and falls of water,
 Echoes, repeat the vows he swore:
 Can he forget me,
 Will he neglect me,
 Shall I never see him more!

Does he love and yet forsake me,
 To admire a nymph more fair?
 If 'tis so, I'll wear the willow,
 And esteem the happy pair.
 Some lonely cave I'll make my dwelling,
 Ne'er more the cares of life pursue;
 The lark and philomel
 Only shall hear me tell
 What makes me bid the world adieu.

XCV. SONG.

HARK! hark! the joy-inspiring horn
 Salutes the rosy rising morn,
 And echoes thro' the dale;
 With clam'rous peals the hills resound,
 The hounds quick scented scow'r the ground,
 And snuff the fragrant gale.

Nor gates nor hedges can impede
 The brisk, high-mettl'd, starting steed,
 The jovial pack pursue;
 Like light'ning darting o'er the plains,
 The distant hills with speed he gains,
 And sees the game in view.

Her path the timid hare forsakes,
 And to the copse for shelter makes,
 There pants a while for breath;

When

When now the noise alarms her ear,
 Her haunts descry'd, her fate is near,
 She sees approaching death.
 Directed by the well-known breeze,
 The hounds their trembling victim seize,
 She faints, she falls, she dies :
 The distant coursers now come in,
 And join the loud triumphant din,
 Till echo rend the skies.

XCVI. S O N G.

TO lower the top sails of Britons so free,
 The dons and monsieurs had agreed ;
 To beat us on shore and defeat us at sea,
 They swore they were sure to succeed :
 But the genius of Britain set Rodney afloat,
 That terror of France and of Spain,
 And their admirals took, and their navy he smote,
 And swept the proud foe from the sea.

Thus defeated at sea, to old Gib they repair,
 And to storm it they fiercely conspire ;
 But our brave Salamander, bold Elliot glow'd there,
 'Mid thunder, smoke, sulphur and fire !
 No arts to remove that tough Britain avail,
 Oh ! he play'd them so smart from above,
 Like the Titans hurl'd head-long who dar'd to assail,
 The star-curl'd towers of Jove.

But the wonderful wonder on which they depended.
 Was their fam'd floating batt'ries so rare ;
 Yet on those British thunder red-hot soon descended
 And blew them all up in the air :

And

And while Crillon's fam'd duke, and blood-royal
of France,
Mourn'd on shore their disgraces in vain,
Howe chas'd from the ocean their fleets in commotion
And Old England's game cock crow'd amain.

All Europe, well pleas'd, laugh'd to hear of the news
How a few honest Britons confin'd,
Far from home on a rock, had repell'd the dread
shock,
Of the whole force of Bourbon combin'd:
Thus a health to brave Elliot, Boyd, Curtis, and
Howe,
Still may Gib Britain's standard display;
'Tis a thorn in Spain's side, 'tis Britannia's chief
pride,
And must never be batter'd away.

XCVII. SONG.

SHE.

STern winter has left us, the trees are in bloom,
And cowslips and vi'lets the meadows perfume;
While kids are disporting, and birds fill the spray,
I wait for my Jockey to hail the new May,
I wait for my Jockey to hail the new May.

HE.

Among the young lillies, my Jenny, I've stray'd;
Pinks, daiesies, and woodbines, I bring to my maid;
Here's thyme sweetly smelling, and lavender gay,
A posy to form for my queen of the May.
A posy to form, &c.

SHE

SHE.

Ah! Jockey, I fear you intend to beguile:---
When seated with Molly last night on a stile,
You swore that you'd love her for ever and ay,
Forgetting poor Jenny, your queen of the May,
Forgetting poor Jenny, &c.

HE.

Young Willy is handsome, in shepherd's green drest,
He gave you those ribbands that hang at your breast,
Besides three sweet kisses upon the new hay:
Was that done like Jenny, my queen of the May,
Was that done like Jenny, &c.

SHE.

This garland of roses no longer I prize,
Since Jockey, false hearted, his passion denies:
Ye flowers, so blooming, this instant decay,
For Jenny's no longer the queen of the May,
For Jenny's no longer, &c.

HE.

Believe me, dear maiden, your lover you wrong;
Your name is forever the theme of my song:
From the dews of pale eve to the dawning of day,
I sing but of Jenny, my queen of the May,
I sing but of Jenny, &c.

SHE.

Again balmy comfort with transport I view;
My fears are all vanquish'd since Jockey is true:
Then to our new shepherds the news I'll convey,
That Jenny alone you've crown'd queen of the May,
That Jenny, &c.

HE.

Of ev'ry degree, ye young lovers draw near;
Avoid all suspicion, whate'er may appear;
Believe

Believe not your eyes, if your peace they'd betray :
Then come, my dear Jenny, and hail the new May,
Then come, &c.

BOTH.

Of ev'ry degree, ye young lovers, draw near ;
Avoid all suspicion, whate'er may appear ;
Believe not your eyes, if your peace they'd betray :
Then come my dear Jockey, and hail the new May,
Then come my dear Jenny, and hail the new May.

XCVIII. S O N G.

ON pleasure's smooth wings, how old time steals
away,

And love's fatal flame leads the shepherd astray !
My days, O ye swains ! were a round of delight,
From the cool of the morn to the stillness of night :
No care found a place in my cottage and breast ;
But health and content all the year was my guest.

'Twas then no fair Phillis my heart could ensnare,
With voice or with feature, with dress or with air :
So kindly young Cupid had pointed the dart,
That I gather'd the sweets, but I mis'd of the
smart :

I toy'd for a while, then I rov'd like a bee ;
But still all my song was, " I'll ever be free."

'Twas then ev'ry object fresh raptures did yield :
If I stray'd thro' the garden, or travers'd the field,
Ten thousand gay scenes were display'd to my sight :
If the nightingale sung, I could listen all night ;
With my reed I could pipe to the tune of the stream,
And wake to new life with a rapturous dream.

But now, since for Hebe in secret I sigh,
Alas ! what a change ! and how wretched am I !
Adieu

Adieu to the charms of the valley and glade ;
 Their sweets now all sicken, their colours all fade ;
 No music I find in soft Philomel's strain,
 And the brook o'er the pebbles now murmurs in
 vain.

They say that she's kind, but no kindness I see ;
 On others she smiles, but she frowns upon me :
 Then teach me, bright Venus, persuasion's soft art,
 Or aid me, by reason, to ransom my heart ;
 To crown my desire, or to banish my pain,
 Give love to the nymph, or give ease to the swain.

XCIX. *Sung at Vauxhall.*

O Sawney, why leav'st thou Nelly to mourn ?
 Thy presence cou'd ease me
 When naething can please me ;
 Now dowie I sigh on the banks of the burn,
 Or thro' the wood, laddie, until thou return.
 Tho' woods now are bonny, and morning are clear,
 While lav'rocks are singing,
 And primroses springing,
 Yet nane of them pleases mine eye or mine ear,
 When thro' the wood, laddie, ye dinna appear.
 That I am forsaken, some spare not to tell ;
 I'm fash'd wi' their scorning,
 Baith ev'ning and morning,
 Their jeering goes aft to my heart wi' a knell,
 When thro' the wood, laddie, I wander mysell.
 Then stay, my dear Sawney, nae longer away,
 But quick as an arrow,
 Haste here to thy marrow,
 What's living in langour, till that happy day,
 When thro' the wood, laddie, we'll dance, sing,
 and play.

C.

C. *Sung in the Duenna.*

O The days when I was young !
 When I laugh'd in fortune's spite,
 Talk'd of love the whole day long,
 And with nectar crown'd the night.

Then it was old father Care,
 Little reck'd I of thy frown ;
 Half thy malice youth could bear,
 And the rest a bumper drown.
 O the days, &c.

Truth, they say, lies in a well,
 Why, I vow I ne'er could see----
 Let the water-drinkers tell,
 There it always lay for me :

For when the sparkling wine went round,
 Never saw I falshood's mask ;
 But still honest truth I found
 In the bottom of each flask.
 O the days, &c.

True, at length my vigours flown,
 I have years to bring decay ;
 Few the locks that now I own,
 And the few I have are grey !
 O the days, &c.

Yet, old Jerome, thou may'st boast,
 While thy spirits do not tire,
 Still beneath thy age's frost
 Glows a spark of youthful fire.
 O the days, &c.

CI. *Sung in the Positive Man.*

Sweet Poll of Plymouth was my dear ;
 When forc'd from her to go,

Down

Down her cheeks rain'd many a tear,
 My heart was fraught with woe ;
 Our anchor weigh'd, for sea we stood,
 The land we left behind ;
 Her tears then swell'd the briny flood,
 My sighs increas'd the wind.

We plow'd the deep, and now between
 Us lay the ocean wide ;
 For five long years I had not seen
 My sweet, my bonny bride ;
 That time I sail'd the world around,
 All for my true love's sake ;
 But press'd as we were homeward bound,
 I thought my heart would break.

The press-gang bold I ask in vain
 To let me once on shore ;
 I long'd to see my Poll again,
 But saw my Poll no more.
 And have they torn my love away !
 And is he gone ! she cried.
 My Polly, sweetest flower of May !
 She languish'd, droop'd and died.

CII. *Sung by Mrs. Pinto.*

Sweet Echo, sweetest nymph ! that liv'st unseen
 Within thy airy cell,
 By slow meander's margent green,
 And in the violet-embroider'd vale,
 Where the love-lorn nightingale
 Nightly to thee her sad song mourneth well ;
 Canst thou not tell me of a gentle pair
 That likest thy Narcissus are ?

O !

O! if you have
 Hid them in some flow'ry cave,
 Tell me but where,
 Sweet queen of parley, daughter of the sphere;
 So may'st thou be translated to the skies,
 And give resounding grace to all heav'n's harmonies.

CHIL. SONG.

WHat's this to me! or me! or me!
 We tempt not life tempestuous sea,
 Upon the summer wave we ride,
 With gentle gale and flowing tide;
 We heed no Dolphins as they play,
 We hear no Syrens in our way,
 We mind our voyage look for land,
 Our vessel minds not rock nor sand.

CIV. SONG.

Come give us a Catch and give it us free,
 I fancy you never will Catch one of me,
 Nay, good Mr. Petulant, pray do you scold,
 I'd give you a Catch, if I had'nt caught cold
 All fingers can form an excuse very pat,
 Aye, aye, there's no fear, but you Catch him at that;
 Plague on't do you think that I'll yield to your wish,
 Nay faith if you swear you will never Catch Fish.

CV. *Sung at Vauxhall.*

PHO! pox o' this nonsense, I pr'ythee give o'er,
 And talk of your Phillis and Chloe no more;
 Their face, and their air, and their mein, what a
 rout!

Here's to thee, my lad, push the bottle about,
 Here's to thee, my lad. push the bottle about.

Let

Let finical fops play the fool and the ape,
They dare not confide in the juice of the grape;
But we honest fellows---'sdeath! who'd ever think
Of puling for love, while he's able to drink?
Of puling, &c.

'Tis wine, only wine, that true pleasure bestows,
Our joys it encreases, and lightens our woes;
Remember what toppers of old us'd to sing,
The man that is drunk is as great as a king.
The man, &c.

If Cupid assaults you, there's law for his tricks,
Anacreon's Cases, see page twenty-six;
The precedent's glorious, and just, by my soul;
Lay hold on, and drown the young dog in a bowl.
Lay hold, &c.

What's life, but a frolic, a song, and a laugh?
My toast shall be this, while I've liquor to quaff,
May mirth and good fellowship always abound,
Boys, fill up a bumper, and let it go round,
Boys, fill up a bumper, and let it go round.

CVI. *Sung in the Chaplet.*

PUsh about the brisk bowl, 'twill enliven the heart
While thus we sit round on the grass:
The lover, who talks of his suff'rings and smart,
Deserves to be reckon'd an ass, an ass,
Deserves, &c.

The wretch who sits watching his ill-gotten pelf,
And wishes to add to the mass,
Whate'er the curmudgeon may think of himself,
Deserves to be reckon'd an ass,
Deserves, &c.

The beau, who, so smart with his well-powder'd
An angel beholds in his glass, [hair,
And thinks with grimace to subdue all the fair,
Deserves, &c.

The merchant from climate to climate will roam,
 Of Cræsus the wealth to surpass;
 And oft, while he's wand'ring, my lady at home
 Claps the horns of an ox on the ass,
 Claps the horns, &c.

The lawyer so grave, when he puts in his plea,
 With forehead well fronted with brass,
 Tho' he talks to no purpose, he pockets your fee;
 There you, my good friend, are an ass,
 There you, &c.

The formal physician, who knows ev'ry ill,
 Shall at last be produc'd in this class;
 The sick man at last may confide in his skill,
 But death proves the doctor an ass,
 But death, &c.

Then let us, companions, be jovial and gay,
 By turns take our bottle and lass;
 For he who his pleasure puts off for a day,
 Deserves to be reckon'd an ass, an ass,
 Deserves to be reckon'd an ass.

CVII. SONG.

Shepherds, I have lost my love,
 Have you seen my Anna?
 Pride of ev'ry shady grove
 Upon the banks of Banna.
 I for her my home forsook,
 Near yon misty mountain;
 Left my flock, my pipe, my crook,
 Greenwood shade, and fountain.
 Never shall I see them more,
 Until her returning;
 All the joys of life are o'er,
 From gladness chang'd to mourning.

Whither

Whither is my charmer flown ;
 Shepherds, tell me whither ?
 Ah ! woe for me, perhaps she's gone
 For ever, and for ever.

CVIII. *Sung in the Waterman.*

AND did you not hear of a jolly young water-
 man,
 Who at Black-friars bridge us'd for to ply ?
 He feather'd his oars with such skill and dexterity,
 Winning each heart, and delighting each eye :
 He look'd so neat, and row'd so steadily,
 The maidens all flock'd in his boat so readily ;
 And he ey'd the young rogues with so charming an
 air,
 That this waterman ne'er was in want of a fare.
 What fights of fine folks he oft row'd in his werry
 'Twas clean'd out so neat, and so painted withal !
 He was always first oars, when the fine city ladies,
 In a party to Ranelagh went, or Vauxhall,
 And oftimes wou'd they be giggling and leering,
 But 'twas all one to Tom, their gibing and jeering ;
 For loving, or liking, he little did care,
 For this waterman ne'er was in want of a fare.
 And yet, but to see how strangely things happen ;
 As he row'd along, thinking of nothing at all,
 He was ply'd by a damsel so lovely and charming,
 That she smil'd, and so straightway in love he did
 fall.
 And would this young damsel but banish his sorrow,
 He'd wed her to-night, before it was morrow :
 And how should this waterman ever know care,
 When he's marry'd, and never in want of a fare ?

CIX. *Sung in the Quaker.*

WHile the lads of the village shall merrily ah !
 Sound the tabors, I'll hand thee along ;
 And I say unto thee, that verily, ah !
 Thou and I will be first in the throng.
 While the lads, &c.

Just then, when the swain who last year won the
 dow'r,

With his mates shall the sports have begun,
 When the gay voice of gladness resound from each
 bow'r,

And thou long'st in thy heart to make one.

While the lads, &c.

Those joys which are harmless, what mortal can
 blame ?

'Tis my maxim, that youth should be free ;
 And to prove that my words and my deeds are the
 same,

Believe me, thoult presently see.

While the lads, &c.

CX. SONG.

I AM marry'd, and happy ; with wonder hear this,
 Ye roves, and rakes of the age ;

Who laugh at the mention of conjugal bliss,

And whom only loose pleasures engage :

You may laugh, but beleive me you're all in the

When you merrily marriage deride ; [wrong,

For to marriage the permanent pleasures belong,

And in them we can only confide.

The joys which from lawless connections arise,

Are fugitive ; never sincere ;

Oft stolen with haste, or snatch'd by surprize,

Interrupted by doubts and by fear :

But

But those which in legal attachments we find,
 When the heart is with innocence pure,
 Is from ev'ry imbitt'ring reflection refin'd,
 And to life's latest hour will endure.
 The love which ye boast of, deserves not that name,
 True love is with sentiment join'd ;
 But yours is a passion, a feverish flame,
 Rais'd without the consent of the mind.
 When, dreading confinement, ye mistresses hire,
 With this and with that ye are cloy'd ;
 Ye are led, and misled, by a flatt'ring false fire,
 And are oft by that fire destroy'd.
 If you ask me, from whence my felicity flows ?
 My answer is short,---“ From a wife ;
 “ Who for cheerfulness, sense, and good-nature, I
 chose,
 “ Which are beauties that charm us for life.”
 To make home the seat of perpetual delight,
 Ev'ry hour each studies to seize ;
 And we find ourselves happy from morning to night,
 By our mutual endeavours to please.

CXI. *Sung in the Gentle Shepherd.*

Jockey said to Jenny, Jenny wilt thou do't ?
 Ne'er a whit, quoth Jenny, for my fortune good,
 For my fortune good, I winna marry thee,
 E'en's ye like, quoth Jockey, ye may let me be.
 I ha'e gold and gear, I ha'e land enough,
 I ha'e seven good oxen ganging in a pleugh,
 Ganging in a pleugh, and wand'ring o'er the lee ;
 And gin ye winna tak me, I can let ye be
 I've ain geud house and barn, and eke a bire,
 A pea-stack 'fore my door will make a ranting fire ;
 I'll make a ranting fire, and merry we will be,
 And gin you will not ha'e me, ye may let me be.

Jenny

Jenny said to Jockey, gin ye winna tell,
 Ye shall be the lad, I'll be the lass mysel;
 Ye're a bonny lad, and I'm a lassie free,
 Ye're welcomer to tak me than to let me be.

CXII. SONG.

MY banks are all furnish'd with bees,
 Whose murmur invites one to sleep;
 My grottoes are shaded with trees,
 And my hills are white over with sheep:
 I seldom have met with a loss,
 Such health do my fountains bestow;
 My fountains all bordered with moss,
 Where the hare-bells and violets grow,
 Where the hare-bells and violets grow.

I have found out a gift for my fair,
 I found were the wood-pigeons breed;
 But let me that plunder forbear,
 She'll say 'twas a barb'rous deed:
 For he ne'er could be true she averr'd,
 Who could rob a poor bird of its young:
 I lov'd her the more when I heard
 Such tenderness fall from her tongue,
 Such tenderness, &c.

But where does my Phillida stray?
 And where are her grotts and her bow'rs?
 Are the groves and the vallies as gay,
 And the shepherds as gentle, as ours?
 The groves may perhaps be as fair,
 And the face of the vallies as fine;
 The swain may in manners compare,
 But their love is not equal to mine,
 But their love is not equal to mine.

CXIII. S O N G.

WHen Phœbus the tops of the hills does adorn,
 How sweet is the sound of the echoing horn!
 When the antling stag is rouz'd with the sound,
 Erecting his ears, nimbly sweeps o'er the ground,
 And thinks he has left us behind on the plain :
 But still we pursue, and come in view of the glo-
 rious game.

O see how he rears up his head,
 And, winged with fear, he redoubles his speed :
 But, oh ! 'tis in vain, 'tis in vain that, he flies,
 That his eyes lose the huntsman, his ears lose the
 cries ;

For now his strength fails him, he heavily flies,
 And he pants till well-scented hounds surrounded
 he dies.

CXIV. S O N G.

THE other day as I walk'd in the park,
 The gentry were drest very fine,
 They all went away at the noon time of day,
 And at different taverns to dine.
 The nobles to the king's head will go,
 The gentry to the sign of the crown,
 The merchant you know to golden fleece will go,
 And away to the plough runs the clown.
 The clergyman will dine at the mitre,
 The foldier at the sign of the gun,
 The lawyer you know to the devil he will go,
 And the friar to the sign of the nun.
 The player at the shakespeare will dine,
 The sailor at the anchor and can,
 The huntsman you know to the hound he will go,
 And the maid the sign of the man.

The

The drover at the savage may be found,
Which humanity has mark with much scorn,
The butcher you know to black bull will go,
And the cuckold to the sign of the horn.

The Irishman will dine on potatoes,
The Welshman on hur toasted cheese,
The Scotchman you know to his croudy will go,
And the Englishman to pudding and beef.

This is every man in his station,
Go east, west, north, or south,
And he that has got no money in his purse,
He may dine at the sign of the mouth.

CXV. S O N G.

YE gentle gales that fan the air,
And wanton in the shady grove,
Oh! whisper to my absent fair,
My secret pain and endless love.

When at the sultry heat of day
She'll seek some shady cool retreat,
Throw spicy odours in her way,
And scatter roses at her feet.

And when she sees their colours fade,
And all their pride neglected lie,
Let that instruct the charming maid,
That sweets, not gather'd timely, die.

And when she lays her down to rest,
Let some auspicious virgin show
Who 'tis that loves Camilla best,
And what for her I'd undergo.

CXV. *Sung in the Castle of Andalusia.*

NEW graces
 The thoughts of a lover
 Invited, expected, and sigh'd for occasion,
 Sweet faces
 Fresh sweetness discover ;
 Our eyes then are diamonds, our cheeks are car-
 nation,
 Those eyes glances stealing,
 Fond blushes revealing,
 Sage prudence concealing
 The wish of our hearts.
 But when once we gain him,
 In love's link we chain him,
 Now pleasing,
 Now teasing,
 In giddy flirtation.
 Da. Ca. New graces, &c.

CXVI. S O N G.

WHile Britannia, undaunted, her rights still
 maintains,
 And her Veterans conquer in far distant plains,
 On the brave Volunteer equal glory attends,
 Who protects from invasion his country and friends,
 A firm band see advance, who, with ardour, declare
 In our country's defence ev'ry Briton shou'd share:
 Then with speed let us arm, now the danger draws
 nigh,
 And alone on our courage, for safety, rely.
 Let us think on the battles our ancestors won ;
 Deeds heroic as their's, by their sons may be done ;
 For our swords are as keen,---we're as eager for fame
 And we'll prove that their valour descends with their
 name.

E

Tho'

Tho' unus'd to the field, yet for action we glow ;
 And experience we'll gain by defeating the foe ;
 For can numbers the spirit of Britons e'er bend ?
 Or, the slaves of oppression with freemen contend ?
 Then let France, Spain, and Holland their vaunting
 give o'er,
 Let their legions appear on our oft threaten'd shore,
 Like our own native Rocks, still unmov'd we'll re-
 main :
 And defy the fierce storm that assails us in vain.
 And when Britons unborn shall be told of our zeal,
 Our example they copy, our ardour they feel :
 Still Britannia shall boast of her freedom and fame,
 And her foes, while they envy, shall honour her
 name.

CXVII. *Sung in the Castle of Andalusia*

AH, solitude, take my distress,
 For my griefs I'll unbosom to thee ;
 Each sigh thou canst gently repress,
 And thy silence is music to me.

Yet peace from my sonnet may spring,
 For sweet peace, let me fly the gay throng ;
 To soften my sorrows I sing,
 Yet sorrow's the theme of my song.

CXVIII. *Sung in the Castle of Andalusia.*

Like my dear swain, no youth you'd see
 So blithe, so gay, so full of glee,
 In all our village,---who but he,
 To foot it up so featly ?
 His lute to hear,
 From far and near
 Each female came,
 Both girl and dame,

And

And all his boon,
For every tune,
To kiss 'em round so sweetly.

While round him in the jocund ring,
We nimbly danc'd, he'd play or sing;
Of May the youth was chosen King,
He caught our ears so neatly.
Such music rare
In his guitar,
But touch his lute,
The crowd was mute;
His only boon
For ev'ry tune,
To kiss 'em round so sweetly.

CXIX. S O N G.

THE lawland maids gang trig and fine,
But aft they're foure and unco sawcy;
Sae proud, they never can be kind,
Like my good-humour'd highland lassie.
" O my bonny, bonny highland lassie,
" My hearty smiling highland lassie,
" May never care make thee less fair,
" But bloom of youth still blebs my lassie.

Than ony lass in burrow's-town,
What mak' their cheeks with patches mottie,
I'd tak' my Katty but a gown,
Bare-footed in her little coatie,

O my bonny, &c.

Beneath the brier, or brecken bush,
Whene'er I kiss and court my dawtie;
Happy and blyth, as ane wad wish,
My flighteren heart gangs pittie pattie.

O my bonny, &c.

And

See warbling birds, the day proclaiming,
 Carol sweet the lively strain ;
 They forsake their leafy dwelling,
 To secure the golden grain.

See, content, the humble gleaner,
 Take the scatter'd ears that fall !
 Nature, all her children viewing,
 Kindly bounteous, cares for all.

CXXII. *Sung in the Castle of Andalusia.*

I Have a lover of my own,
 So kind and true is he ;
 As true, I love but him alone,
 And he loves none but me.

I boast not of his velvet down,
 Or cheeks of rosy hue,
 His spicy breath, his ringlets brown,
 I prize the heart that's true.

So to all else I must say nay ;
 They only fret and tease :
 Dear youth, 'tis you alone---that may
 Come, court me when you please.

I play'd my love a thousand tricks,
 In seeming coy and shy ;
 'Twas only, ere my heart I'd fix,
 I thought his love to try.

So to all else I must say nay ;
 They only fret and tease :
 Dear youth, 'tis you alone, that may
 Come, court me when you please.

CXXIII. S O N G.

'T Was in that season of the year,
 When all things gay and sweet appear,
E 3
That

That Colin, with the morning ray,
Arose and sung his rural lay;
Of Nanny's charms the shepherd sung,
The hills and dales with Nanny rung,
While Roslin cattle heard the swain,
And echo'd back the chearful strain.

Awake, sweet muse, the breathing spring,
With rapture warms, awake and sing;
Awake, and join the vocal throng,
And hail the morning with a song;
To Nanny raise the chearful lay,
O bid her haste and come away;
In sweetest smiles herself adorn,
And add new graces to the morn.

O hark, my love, on every spray
Each feather'd warbler tunes his lay;
'Tis beauty fires the ravish'd throng,
And love inspires the melting song;
Then let my ravish'd notes arise,
For beauty darts from Nanny's eyes,
And love my rising bosom warms,
And fills my soul with sweet alarms.

O come, my love, thy Colin's lay,
With rapture calls, O come away:
Come, while the muse this wreath shall twine,
Around that modest brow of thine:
O hither haste and with thee bring,
That beauty blooming like the spring,
Those graces that divinely shine,
And charm this ravish'd heart of mine.

CXXIV. *Sung in the Castle of Andalusia.*

HHEY for a lass and a bottle to cheer,
And a thumping bantling every year;
With skin as white as snow,
And hair as brown as a berry:

With

With eyes as black as a sloe,
And lips as red as a cherry.

Sing rory, tory,
Dancing, prancing,
Laugh and lay down is the play.
We'll fondle together,
To keep out the weather,
And kiss the cold winter away.

Laugh while you live,
For as live is a jest,
Who laughs the most,
Is sure to life best.
When I was not so old,
I frolick'd among the misses;
And when they thought me too bold,
I stop'd their mouths with kisses.
Sing rory, tory, &c.

CXXV. *Sung in the Carnival of Venice.*

IN my pleasant native plains,
Wing'd with bliss each moment flew;
Nature there inspir'd the strains,
Simple as the joys I knew;
Jocund morn and evening gay
Claim'd the merry roundelay.

Fields and flocks, and fragrant flow'rs,
All that health and joy impart;
Call'd for artless music's pow'rs,
Faithful echoes to the heart!
Happy hours, for ever gay,
Claim'd the merry roundelay.

But the breath of genial spring
Wak'd the warblers of the grove:

Who, sweet birds, that heard you sing,
 Would not join the song of love ?
 Your sweet notes and chaunting gay
 Claim'd the merry roundelay.

CXXVI. *Sung in the Castle of Andalusia.*

A Soldier I am for a lady,
 What beau was ere arm'd compleater ?
 When face to face,
 Her chamber the place,
 I'm able and willing to meet her.
 Gad's curse my dear lasses, I'm ready
 To give ye all satisfaction ;
 I am the man
 For the crack of your fan
 Tho' I die at your feet in the action.
 Your bobbins may beat up a row-dow-dow,
 Your lap-dog may out with his bow-wow-wow,
 The challenge in love,
 I take up the glove,
 Tho' I die at your feet in the action.

CXXVII. S O N G.

PHilira's charms poor Damon took ;
 How eager he for billing !
 When, lo ! the nymph the swain forsook,
 To shew her pow'r of killing :
 In either eye she sheath'd a dart ;
 He felt it, never doubt him :
 Odzooks ! a man were through the heart,
 Ere he could look about him.
 But mark the end---with scythe so sharp
 Time o'er the forehead struck her ;
 And all her charms began to warp---
 Then she was in a pucker :

She

She then began to rave and curse,
 Her time she'd pass no better;
 Yet still had hopes, ere bad grew worse,
 Some comely swain might get her.
 Philira, ev'ry lad she meets,
 Now makes an amorous trial;
 But each with scorn her warmness treats;
 Each frowns in cold denial.
 Coquettes, take warning, change your tune,
 This woeful case remember:
 The bedfellow you slight in June,
 You'll wish for in December.

CXXVIII. S O N G.

LIKE a wood-nymph in form, and Diana in mind,
 'To rural delights lovely Daphne inclin'd:
 Sequester'd from man, from the gay and polite,
 Groves, fountains, and meadows could only invite:
 How strange, that a virgin so model'd for love
 Should thus frown averse, and its joys disapprove,
 And vow she would never be married!

When Sol drove his chariot thro' morn's golden gate,
 Or, when, clad in purple, the sun sat in state;
 With exercise grac'd, she'd ascend the tall hill,
 And looking a goddess, trace nature's vast skill;
 By innocence guarded, contend'd and free,
 'Then homeward she'd sing, O how happy are we
 That never, that never were married!

But once as the charmer her pleasure began,
 A satyr in mind, though in form 'twas a man,
 Surpriz'd her alone---and began to be rude,
 'Till Strephon advanc'd, and the monster subdu'd
 Her guardian at least must her gratitude move,
 And she said to herself---(but the hint was from love)
 Methinks, I could like to be married.

Then Strephon who lov'd the dear creature before,
 His passion avow'd.---Could the shepherd do more?
 Yes he could---and he did---but what? you will say:
 Why, he led her to church---and not led her astray.
 Now friendship and love all their pleasures prolong,
 She sings like a wood-lark, and this is her song,
 I'm glad to my heart that I'm married.

CXXIX. *Sung in the Castle of Andalusia.*

THE musk-rose blooms in thorns and tears,
 Yet queen of all the garden reigns;
 While Phœbe in a cloud appears
 Her virgin lustre she retains.
 If foes or cruel friends unkind,
 A thought consoles each deep distress,
 That conscious rectitude of mind,
 In fortune's frown has power to bless.
 Per sweets, the tulip proud and gay
 Unto the humble violet yields,
 And Philomel sequester'd lay
 Transcends the chorus of the fields.
 If foes, &c.

CXXX. S O N G.

THERE once was a man you may think it un-
 common,
 But, if he said true, he was born of a woman;
 And, though its scarce credible, yet I've been told
 He was once a mere infant but age made him old.
 Derry down, &c.

Whene'er he was hungry he call'd for some meat,
 And when he could get it you're sure he would eat:
 When thirsty he'd drink if you'd give him a pot,
 And his liquor most commonly ran down his throat.
 Derry down, &c.

His face was the queereſt that ever was ſeen,
For, if 'twas not waſh'd, it was ſeldom quite clean;
He ſhew'd moſt of his teeth when he laugh'd or did
grin,
For his mouth flood acroſs 'twixt his noſe and his
chin.
Derry down, &c.

'Tis reported his tongue always mov'd when he
talk'd,
And he ſtirr'd both his arms and his legs when he
walk'd,
But his gait was ſo odd had you ſeen him you'd burſt,
For one leg or other wou'd always be firſt.
Derry down, &c.

He ſeldom or never could ſee without light,
Yet I'm told he could hear very well in the night;
But he fell faſt aſleep as he lay in his bed,
Yet has oft been awake in the morning 'tis ſaid.
Derry down, &c.

When this comical chap had a river to paſs,
If he could not get over he ſtaid where he was:
And tho' he did ſeldom e'er quit the dry ground,
Yet ſo great was his luck that he never was drown'd.
Derry down, &c.

Among other ſtrange things which beſel this good
yeoman,
He was married poor ſoul!---and his wife was a
woman;
But, tho' ſhe was loving, complacent and mild,
Yet ſo hard was his fate he was never with child.
Derry down, &c.

At laſt he fell ſick, as old chronicles tell,
And then, it is ſaid, he was not very well;
But what was his worſt in ſo weak a condition,
That he could give no fees---ſo could get no phy-
ſician.
Derry down, &c.

What wonder, he died!--But, 'tis said, that his
 death,
 Was occasioned at last by the want of his breath :
 But peace to his bones, which in ashes now moulder;
 Had he liv'd a day longer he'd been a day older.
 Derry down, &c.

CXXXI. S O N G.

THERE was a jolly miller once
 Liv'd on the river Dee;
 He work'd and sung from morn to night,
 No lark more blith than he:
 And this the burden of his song
 For ever us'd to be,
 I care for nobody, no not I,
 Since nobody cares for me.

I live by my mill, God blefs her,
 She's kindred, child, and wife,
 I would not change my station,
 For any other in life.
 No lawyer, surgeon, or doctor,
 E'er had a groat from me :
 I care for nobody, no, not I,
 If nobody cares for me.

When spring begins his merry career,
 O how his heart grows gay ;
 No summer's drought alarms his fears,
 Nor winter's sad decay ;
 No foresight mar's the miller's joy,
 Who's wont to sing and say,
 Let others toil from year to year,
 I live from day to day.

Thus, like the miller, bold and free,
 Let us rejoice and sing,

The

The days of youth are made for glee,
 And time is on the wing.
 This song shall pass from me to thee
 Along this joyful ring:
 Let heart and voice, and all agree
 To say, Long live the King.

CXXXII. S O N G.

JULY the first, in Oldbridge town,
 There was a grievous battle,
 Where many a man lay on the ground,
 By cannons that did rattle.
 King James, he pitch'd his tents between
 The lines, for to retire,
 But King William threw his bomb-balls in,
 And set them all on fire.

Thereat enrag'd, they vow'd revenge
 Upon King William's forces;
 And oft did cry, vehemently,
 That they would stop their courses:
 A bullet from the Irish came,
 Which graz'd King William's arm;
 They thought his Majesty was slain,
 Yet it did him but little harm.

Duke Schomberg then, in friendly care,
 His King would often caution
 To shun the spot, where bullets hot
 Thick bent their rapid motion;
 King William said, he don't deserve
 The name of faith's defender,
 That would not venture life and limb
 To make a foe surrender.

When we the Boyne began to cross,
 The enemy descended;
 But few of our brave men were lost,
 So stoutly we defended:

The

The horse was the first that march'd o'er,
 The foot soon follow'd after ;
 But brave Duke Schomberg was no more
 By vent'ring o'er the water.

When valiant Duke Schomberg was slain,
 King William he accosted
 His warlike men for to march on,
 And he would be the foremost.
 Brave boys, he said, be not dismay'd,
 For losing one commander,
 For God will be our King this day,
 And I'll be gen'ral under.

Then stoutly we the Boyne did cross,
 Our enemies to battle ;
 Our cannon to our foes great cost,
 Like thund'ring claps did rattle :
 In majestic mien our Prince rode o'er,
 His men soon follow'd after ;
 With blows and shouts, put foes to rout,
 The day we cross'd the water.

The protestants of Drogheda
 Have reason to be thankful,
 That they were not to bondage brought,
 As they were but a handful :
 First to the Tholsel they were brought,
 And try'd at Milmount after ;
 But brave King William set them free,
 By vent'ring o'er the water.

The cunning French near to Duleek
 Had taken up their quarters,
 And fenc'd themselves on every side,
 A waiting for new orders ;
 But in the dead-time of the night
 They set the field on fire,
 And, before the morning light,
 To Dublin they did retire.

Then

Then said King William to his men,
 After the French departed,
 I'm glad said he, that none of ye
 Did seem to be faint-hearted :
 So sheath your swords, and rest awhile,
 In time we'll follow after ;
 These words he utter'd with a smile,
 The day he cross'd the water.

Come let us all, with heart and voice
 Applaud our lives defender,
 Who at the Boyne his valour shew'd,
 And made his foes surrender :
 To God above the praise we'll give,
 Both now, and ever after,
 And bless the glorious memory
 Of King William that cross'd the Boyne water.

CXXXIII. SONG.

IN choice of a husband us widows are nice,
 I'd not have a man wou'd grow old in a trice,
 Not a bear, or a monkey, a clown, or a fop,
 But one that could bustle and stir in my shop.

A log I'll avoid, when I'm chusing my lad,
 And a stork that might gobble up all that I had ;
 Such suitors I've had. Sir--but off they might hop,
 I want one that can bustle and stir in my shop.

The lad in my eye is the man to my mind,
 So handsome, so young, so polite and so kind !
 With such a good soul to the altar I'd pop,
 He's the man that can bustle and stir in my shop.

CXXXIV. SONG.

Sung in Rosina.

WHEN William at eve meets me down at the
 stile, How

How sweet is the nightingale's song!
 Of the day I forget all the labour and toil,
 Whilst the moon plays yon branches among.

By her beams, without blushing, I hear him complain,

And believe every word of his song:
 You know not how sweet 'tis to love the dear swain,
 Whilst the moon plays yon branches among.

CXXXV. *Sung in Rosina.*

HER mouth, which a smile,
 Devoid of all guile,
 Half opens to view;
 Is the bud of the rose,
 In the morning that blows,
 Impearl'd with the dew.

More fragrant her breath
 Than the flower-scented heath
 At the dawning of day;
 The hawthorn in bloom,
 The lily's perfume,
 Or the blossoms of May.

CXXXVI. *Sung in Rosina.*

BY dawn to the Downs we repair,
 With bosoms right jocund and gay,
 And gain more than pheasant or hare---
 Gain health by the sports of the day.
 Mark! mark! to the right hand prepare---
 See Diana!---she points! see, they rise---
 See, they float on the bosom of air!
 Fire away! whilst loud Echo replies

Fire away.

Hark!

Hark! the volley resounds to the skies!
Whilst Echo in thunder replies!
In thunder replies,
And resounds to the skies.
Fire away! Fire away! Fire away.

CXXXVII. *Sung in Rosina.*

WILLIAM.

I'VE kiss'd and I've prattled to fifty fair maids
And chang'd 'em as oft, d'ye see!
But of all the fair maidens that dance on the green,
The maid of the mill for me.

PHOEBE.

There's fifty young men have told me fine tales,
And call'd me the fairest she;
But of all the gay wrestlers that sport on the green,
Young Harry's the lad for me.

WILLIAM.

Her eyes are as black as the floe in the hedge,
Her face like the blossoms in May;
Her teeth are as white as the new-shorn flock
Her breath like the new-made hay.

PHOEBE.

He's tall, and he's strait as the poplar tree,
His cheeks are as fresh as a rose;
He looks like a squire of high degree
When drest in his Sunday cloaths.

CXXXVIII. *Sung in the Agreeable Surprise.*

IN Jacky Bull, when bound for France,
The gosling you discover,
But taught to ride, to fence and dance,
A finish'd goose comes over.

With

With his tierce and carte, fa, fa!
 And his cotillion so smart, ha! ha!
 He charms each female heart, oh la!
 As Jacky returns from Dover.

For cocks and dogs see 'squire at home,
 The prince of country tonies!
 Return'd from Paris, Spa, or Rome,
 Our 'squire's a nice Adonis.
 With his tierce and carte, fa! fa!
 And his cotillion so smart, ha! ha!
 He charms the female heart, oh, la!
 The pink of maccaronies.

CXXXIX. *Sung by Miss Sarchell, in the*
Agreeable Surprise.

LORD what care I for mam or dad?
 Why let them scold and bellow!
 For while I live, I'll love my lad,
 He's such a charming fellow.

The last fair day on Gander Green
 The youth he danc'd so well-o,
 So spruce a lad was never seen,
 As my sweet charming fellow.

The fair was over, night was come,
 The lad was somewhat mellow;
 Says he, my dear, I'll see you home---
 I thank'd the charming fellow.

We trug'd along the moon shone bright,
 Says he if you'll not tell-o,
 I'll kiss you here by this good light---
 Lord what a charming fellow.

You rogue, says I, you've stopp'd my breath,
 Ye bell's ring out my knell-o!
 Again I'd die to sweet a death
 With such a charming fellow.

CXL.

CXL. *Sung by Mr. Snett.*

I Sail'd in the good ship the Kitty,
 With a stiff blowing gale and rough sea,
 Left Polly the Lads call so pretty,
 Safe here at an anchor, yo yea, yo yea, yo yea, yo
 yea, yo yea.

She blubber'd salt tears when we parted,
 And cry'd, now be constant to me;
 I told her not to be down-hearted,
 So up with the anchor, yo yea.

When the wind whistled larboard and starboard,
 And the storm came on weather and lee,
 The hope I with her shou'd be harbour'd,
 Was my cable and anchor, yo yea.

And yet, my boys, wou'd you believe me,
 I return'd with no rhino from sea;
 My Polly wou'd never receive me,
 So again I heav'd anchor, yo yea.

CXLI. *Sung in Rosina.*

W Hilst with village maids I stray,
 Sweetly wears the joyous day;
 Cheerful glows my artless breast,
 Mild Content the constant guest.

CXLII. *Sung in Rosina.*

FROM flower to flower gay roving,
 The wanton butterfly
 Does Nature's charms descry.
 From flower to flower gay roving,
 The wanton butterfly.

On wavy wings high mounting,
 If chance some child pursues,
 Forsakes the balmy dews.

On

On wavy wings high mounting,
 If chance some child pursues,
 Thus wild, and ever changing,
 A sportive butterfly,
 I mock the whining sigh :
 Still wild and ever changing,
 A sportive butterfly.

CXLIII. *Sung by Mrs. Martyr.*

'T WAS within a mile of Edinburgh town,
 In the rosy time of the year,
 Sweet lav'rocks bloom'd, and the grass was down,
 And each shepherd woo'd his dear,
 Bonny Jocky, blithe and gay,
 Kifs'd sweet Jenny, making hay,
 The lassie blush'd and frowning cry'd---
 No no, it will not do---
 I canna, munna, winna buckle too.
 Jocky was a wag that never wou'd wed,
 Tho' long he had follow'd the lass;
 Contented she earn'd and eat her brown bread,
 And merrily turn'd up the grass.
 Bonny Jocky, &c.
 But when he vow'd he wou'd make her his bride,
 Tho' his flocks and his herds were but few,
 She gave him her hand and a kiss beside,
 And vow'd she'd ever be true,
 Bonny Jocky blithe and gay,
 Kifs'd sweet Jenny, making hay,
 The lassie no more frowning cry'd---
 No no, it will not do,
 I canna, munna, winna buckle too.

CXLIV. *Sung by Miss Satchell.*

I Sigh and lament me in vain,
 These walls can but echo my moan ;
 Alas !

Alas ! it encreases my pain,
 When I think of the days that are gone :
 Thro' the grate of my prison I see
 The birds as they wanton in air,
 My heart how it pants to be free,
 My looks they are wild with despair.

Above tho' opprest by my fate,
 I burn with contempt for my foes,
 Tho fortune has alter'd my state,
 She ne'er can subdue me to those ;
 False woman in ages to come,
 Thy malice detested shall be,
 And when we are cold in the tomb,
 Some heart still with sorrow for me.

Ye roofs were cold damps and dismay,
 With silence and solitude dwell,
 How comfortless passes the day,
 How sad tolls the evening bell ;
 The owls from the battlements cry ;
 Hollow winds seem to murmur around :
 O ! Mary prepare thee to die ;
 My blood it runs cold at the sound.

CXLV. S O N G.

MY Sandy is the sweetest swain,
 That ever pip'd on Tay,
 He tends his sheep on verdant plain,
 And cheers me all the day :
 For oh ! he is so blythe a lad,
 A blither canna be,
 Whene'er he's nigh my heart is glad,
 For dearly he loves me.
 For dearly he loves me.
 As on a mossy bank we sat,
 Beneath a fragrant shade,

The

The youth he charm'd me with his chat,
And on his bag pipes play'd.

For oh ! he is so blythe a lad, &c.

He calls me his dear life and care,

And his own Moggy too,

He vows by all that's good and fair,

To me he will prove true.

For oh ! he is so blythe, &c.

Then I will prize my loving swain,

And yield to be his wife,

Then bid adieu to care and pain,

And so be blest for life.

For oh ! he is so blythe, &c.

CXLVI. *Sung in Rosina.*

Sweet transports, gentle wishes, go !

In vain his charms have gain'd my heart ;

Since fortune still to love a foe,

And cruel duty bid us part.

Ah ! why does duty chain the mind,

And part those souls which love has join'd ?

CXLVII. *Sung in Rosina.*

WHEN bidden to the wake or fair,

The joy of each free-hearted swain,

'Till Phœbe promis'd to be there,

I loiter'd last of all the train.

If chance some fairing caught her eye,

The ribbon gay or filken glove,

With eager haste I ran to buy ;

For what is gold compar'd to love ?

My posy on her bosom plac'd

Could Harry's sweeter scents exhale !

Her auburn locks my ribbon grac'd,

And flutter'd in the wanton gale.

With

With scorn she hears me now complain,
 Nor can my rustic presents move :
 Her heart prefers a richer swain,
 And gold, alas ! has banish'd love.

CXLVIII. *Sung in the Summer Amusement.*

TO ease my heart, I own'd my flame,
 And much I fear I was to blame ;
 For, tho' love's force we're doom'd to feel,
 The heart its weakness should conceal.

The blush that speaks the soften'd breast,
 The sigh that will not be suppress'd ;
 The tear which down the cheek will steal
 With cautious art we should conceal.

And yet if honour guides the youth,
 And welcome love is led by truth,
 With joy at Hymen's porch we kneel,
 Nor strive our weakness to conceal.

CXLIX. *Sung in the Summer Amusement.*

THou'st play'd a false, a faithless part,
 Remorse will wait on thee my love !
 Ambition hath seduc'd the heart
 Which honour ow'd to me, my love.

The truest, tend'rest flame was mine ;
 What have I felt for thee, my love !
 The softest, fondest vows were thine ;
 What didst thou swear to me my love !

Tho' splendor deck thy nuptial bow'r,
 Tho' pleasures round thee fly, my love !
 Each joy that makes the playful hour
 Shall labour with a sigh, my love !

And when the pensive moments come,
 (For who from those are free, my love !)
 Perhaps thou'lt mourn thy Melville's doom,
 And lend a tear to me, my love.

CL.

CL. *Sung in the Son-in-Law.*

THO' sweetly breathes the smiling spring,
 Tho' gentle rains the flowers bring,
 And hawthorn buds so gay ;
 In vain descend refreshing show'rs,
 In vain peep forth the fragrant flow'rs,
 My true love far away.

Tho' summer suns rejoice the swains,
 Or yellow autumn bless the plains,
 And sweetly smelling hay :
 Tho' all around be blythe and glad,
 Cecilia's heart alone is sad,
 Her true love far away.

CLI. *Sung in the Son-in-Law.*

THIS face observe, discerning fair,
 Observe each motion debonair !
 My Artois buckles when you view,
 In shining sable sattin shoe,
 You'll say that I'm, from top to toe,
 A monstrous handsome city beau.
 My humble whisky I despise ;
 Like Phaeton, I mount the skies !
 And, as I drive away like mad,
 They all declare that I'm the lad ;
 And cry---' he's sure,' from top to toe,
 A monstrous handsome city beau !

CLII. *Sung in the Son-in-Law.*

WITH an air,
 Debonair,
 I instruct the ladies ;
 Charming, sweet and pretty,
 Lovely, fair, and witty,
 Susan, Jane, or Kitty,
 I contrive to hit ye :

Come

Come away,
 All ye gay,
 For the dance my trade is ;
 Charming, sweet, and pretty,
 Lovely, fair, and witty,
 Pry'thee, come away !
 See, see, see !
 The dancers are met :
 What an elegant set !
 While in country dance,
 Or cotillion they prance,
 I regulate their pace.
 Ye youths, would you the secret know,
 Why I'm carest where'er I go,
 With knit in hand I draw my bow,
 Squeeze the hand and point the toe,
 And slide into their grace.

CLIII. *Sung in the Son-in-Law.*

I Like a plain song without fine repetitions,
 Soft cadences, graces, or running divisions;
 I love Lango Lee, and sweet Gramachree Molly,
 Or Strike up the Jorum, to chase melancholy ;
 With a bottle of red, give me bumper 'Squire Jones,
 And the tempest of war, in bold Banister's tones.

With old friends, and old wine,
 Thus I feel no decay,
 But a gentle decline
 As life passes away ;
 Good humour's our waiter, so drink, and sit still ;
 For why should we part till old Death brings the
 bill.

CLIV. S O N G.

CEase your whim'ring, cease yourwhining,
 Hear you not the cannons roar ?

F

All

All your fears and pray'rs combining,
Will not keep my feet on shore.

Think you I can keep from fighting,
While the fleets of France and Spain,
In their *strength combin'd* delighting,
Bully Britons on the main?

O! I long to meet the braggers,
Long to meet them side by side;
Ev'ry man who vainly swaggers,
Is no hero till he's try'd.

As for you, my dearest Dolly,
Let not fear your love proclaim;
Slaves to fear but prove their folly,
Boldness is the road to fame.

While I bound o'er ev'ry billow,
Searching out Britannia's foes;
Do not like a weeping willow,
Shake with ev'ry breeze that blows.

Let not fancy over reason
With her colours flying ride;
But in ev'ry changing season,
Take her rudder for your guide.

CLV. S O N G.

THE top-sail snivers in the wind,
The ship she casts to sea;
But yet my soul, my heart, my mind,
Are, Mary, moor'd with thee:
For tho' thy sailor's bound afar,
Still love shall be his leading star.

Should landmen flatter, when we're sail'd
O doubt their artful tales;
No gallant sailor ever fail'd,
If Cupid fill'd his sails:

Thou

Thou art the compass of my soul,
Which steers my heart from pole to pole.

Sirens in ev'ry port we meet,
More fell than rocks and waves ;
But sailors of the British fleet
Are lovers, and not slaves :
No foes our courage shall subdue,
Altho' we've left our hearts with you.

These are our cares ; but, if you're kind,
We'll scorn the dashing main,
The rocks, the billows, and the wind,
The pow'rs of France and Spain.
Now Britain's glory rests with you,
Our sails are full---sweet girls adieu!

CLVI. S O N G.

MY love was once a bonny lad,
He was the flower of all his kin ;
The absence of his bonny face
Has rent my tender heart in twain :
I day nor night find no delight,
In silent tears I still complain ;
And exclaim 'gainst those my rival foes,
'That have ta'en from me my darling swain.

Despair and anguish fills my breast,
Since I have lost my blooming rose ;
I sigh and moan while others rest,
His absence yields me no repose.
To seek my love I'll range and rove,
Thro' every grove and distant plain ;
Thus I'll ne'er cease, but spend my days,
To hear tidings from my darling swain.

There's nothing strange in nature's change,
Since parents show such cruelty ;

They caus'd my love from me to range,
 And knows not to what destiny.
 The pretty kids, and tender lambs,
 May cease to sport upon the plain;
 But I'll mourn and lament, in deep discontent,
 For the absence of my darling swain.

Kind Neptune, let me thee intreat,
 To send a fair and pleasant gale;
 Ye dolphins, sweet, upon me wait,
 And convey me on your tail:
 Heavens bless my voyage with success,
 While crossing of the raging main,
 And send me safe o'er to that distant shore,
 To meet my lovely darling swain.

All joy and mirth at our return
 Shall then abound from Tweed to Tay;
 The bells shall ring, and sweet birds sing,
 To grace and crown our nuptial day.
 Thus bless'd with charms in my love's arms,
 My heart once more I will regain:
 Then I'll range no more to a distant shore,
 But in love will enjoy my darling swain.

CLVII. S O N G.

WHEN Britain first, at heav'n's command,
 Arose from out the azure main,
 Arose, arose from out the azure main,
 This was the charter, the charter of the land,
 And guardian angels sung this strain;
 Rule, Britannia! Britannia, rule the waves!
 Britons never will be slaves!

The nations (not so blest as thee,)
 Must, in their turns, to tyrants fall;

While

While thou shalt flourish, great and free,
The dread and envy of them all.

Rule, Britannia, &c.

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,
More dreadful from each foreign stroke;
As the loud blast that tears the skies
Serves but to root thy native oak.

Rule, Britannia, &c.

Thee, haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame;
All their attempts to bend thee down
Will but arouse thy gen'rous flame,
But work their woe, and thy renown.

Rule, Britannia, &c.

To thee belongs the rural reign,
Thy cities shall with commerce shine:
All thine shall be the subject main,
And ev'ry shore it circles thine.

Rule, Britannia, &c.

The muses still, with freedom found,
Shall to thy happy coasts repair:
Blest isle! with matchless beauty crown'd,
And many hearts to guard the fair!

Rule, Britannia, &c.

CLVIII. S O N G.

YE gay sons of Bacchus replenish the bowl,
Tis the mirror that shews us mankind:
Pride, envy, and prudence, admit it's controul,
And leave undisfigur'd the mind;
And leave undisfigur'd the mind.

The sage that of old wish'd a window was plac'd,
To discover the haunts of the soul;

F 3

Would

Wou'd have done full as well, had he piy'd ev'ry
guest,

With the mystic contents of the bowl;

With the mystic contents of the bowl.

Round the heart that is honest, the skill it supplies
To kill every sorrow that basks;

But the knave, and the slave, all its pleasure denies,
And gradually steals of their malks;

And gradually steals of their masks.

Then let pedants and courtiers its virtue disclaim,
The reason we all of us know---

While we plow the bowl, 'tis an ocean of fame,
And a speedy reliever of woe,

And a speedy reliever of woe.

CLIX. S O N G.

OH! what had I a-do for to marry?

My wife she drinks naithing but sack & canary.
I to her friends complain right airly.

Oh! gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly, hooly
and fairly;

Oh! gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly.

First she drunk crummie, and syne she drunk garie,

Now she has drunken my bonny gray marie,

That carred me ay thro' the dub and the larie.

Oh! gin my wife, &c.

If she'd drink but her ain things I wad na much care,

She drinks my claiaths I cana well spare,

To th' kirk and the market Ise gang fu' barely.

Oh! gin my wife, &c.

If there is ony filler she maun keep the purse;

If I seek but a baubie, she'll scald and she'll curse;

She gangs like a queen, I scrimp and sparely.

Oh! gin my wife, &c.

I never was given to wrangling nor strife,
 Nor e'er did refuse her the comforts of life,
 E'er it come to a war, I am ay for a parly.
 Oh ! gin my wife, &c.

A pint wi the cummere I wad her allow,
 But when she sits down she hills herself fow ;
 And when she's fow she unko is camsterie.
 Oh ! gin my wife, &c.

She rins out to the cafy, she raves and she rants,
 Has na dread of neighbours, nor minds the house
 wants,
 Roars some foolish lilt out, tak up thy heart Charlie.
 Oh ! gin my wife, &c.

And when she comes hame she lays on the lads,
 She ca's the poor lasses both limmers and jad's,
 And I my ain sel a poor auld cuckold Carly.
 Oh ! gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly.

CLX. S O N G.

CEase, rude boreas, blust'ring railer !
 Lift, ye landmen all, to me ;
 Messmates, hear a brother sailor
 Sing the dangers of the sea,
 From bounding billows, first in motion,
 When the distant whirlwinds rise,
 To the tempest troubled ocean,
 Where the seas contend with skies.

Hark ! the boatswain hoarsely bawling,---
 By top-sail sheets, and haulyards stand !
 Down top-gallants quick be hauling !
 Down your stay-sails, hand, boys, hand :
 Now it freshens, set the braces ;
 Quick the top-sail sheets let go ;

Luff, boys, luff, don't make wry faces!
Up your topsails nimbly clew!

Now all you on down-beds sporting,
Fondly lock'd in beauty's arms,
Fresh enjoyments wanton courting,
Free from all but love's alarms,---
Around us roars the tempest louder;
Think what fear our minds enthrall;
Harder yet, it yet blows harder;
Now again the boatswain calls:

The topsail yard point to the wind, boys!
See all clear to reef each course!
Let the fore-sheet go; don't mind, boys,
Though the weather should be worse.
Fore and aft the sprit-sail yard get;
Reef the mizen see all clear;
Hands up! each preventer-brace set;
Man the fore-yard; cheer, lads, cheer!

Now the dreadful thunder's roaring!
Peals on peals contending clash!
On our heads fierce rain falls purging!
In our eyes blue lightning flash!
One wide water all around us,
All above us one black sky!
Different deaths at once surround us,
Hark! what means that dreadful cry?

The foremast's gone! cries ev'ry tongue out,
O'er the lee, twelve feet 'bove deck,
A leak beneath the chest-tree's sprung out;
Call all hands to clear the wreck.
Quick the lanyards cut to pieces!
Come, my hearts, be stout and bold!
Plumb the well; the leak increases;
Four feet water's in the hold!

While

While o'er the ship wild waves are beating,

We for wives or children mourn ;

Alas ! from hence there's no retreating ;

Alas ! from hence there's no return.

Still the leak is gaining on us ;

Both chain-pumps are choak'd below,

Heav'n have mercy here upon us !

For only that can save us now !

O'er the lee-beam is the land, boys ;

Let the guns o'er-board be thrown ;

To the pump come ev'ry hand, boys ;

See, our mizen-mast is gone,

The leak we've found ; it cannot pour fast ;

We've lighten'd her a foot or more ;

Up, and rig a jury fore-mast ;

She rights, she rights, boys ! ware off shore.

Now once more on joys we're thinking,

Since kind fortune spar'd our lives ;

Come, the can, boys, let's be drinking

To our sweethearts and our wives.

Fill it up about ship wheel it ;

Close to th' lips a brimmer join.

Where's the tempest now ? who feels it ?

None ! our danger's drown'd in wine !

CLXI. S O N G.

'TWAS when America rose in rebellion ;
Lord N---- tax'd the Britons in order to quell
them,

But he squeez'd so sadly, we complain'd right airy,

O ! gin Lord N---- would tax hooly and fairly.

Hooly and fairly, hooly and fairly,

O ! gin Lord N---- would tax hooly and fairly.

First he tax'd chaises, and then he tax'd coaches,

And now he has tax'd our very post-horses,

That carry us thro' the dub and the laire,
O! gin, &c.

He taxes our mum, our cyder, and perry:
Our wines and our spirits that makes us so merry,
Our very small beer that serve us so rarely,
O! gin, &c.

He taxes our vellum, our parchment and paper,
And our playing cards, but that's no great matter,
But, ohon! the news-papers he taxes so dearly,
O! gin, &c.

Our auctions he taxes, and sooner or later,
He'll make us pay dear for ilka sma' matter,
Our servants he taxes, that serves us so fairly,
O! gin, &c.

Our houses and windows, he's for to tax,
And glafs ware, etcetera, he'll screw and he'll rax,
And silver-plate too,---for that I'll ne'er care-y.
O! gin, &c.

If he'd tax his own pensions we wadna much care
But he taxes the things we canna well spare,
'To a play or a preaching we're made to go barely.
O! gin, &c.

Money for good ends, we wad him allow,
But when he gets filler, he fills his purse fu,
And when that is fu', he is unco campstrarie,
O! gin, &c.

If there's ony filler he does keep the purse,
If we ask but a pension he'll scold and he'll curse,
But his ain goffips he deals out not sparely,
O! gin Lord N---- would deal hooly and fairly.

When he comes to the h---- and there to debate,
With F----, B----, or B----, on matters of state,
He tells them how matters he manag'd so rarely,
O!

O! gin he could but manage firmly and bravely,
Firmly and bravely, firmly and bravely.
O! gin Lord N---- could manage firmly & bravely.

CLXII. *Sung in Rosina.*

PHOEBE.

IN gaudy courts, with aching hearts,
The great at fortune rail :
The hills may higher honours claim.
But peace is in the vale.

WILLIAM.

See high-born dames in rooms of state,
With midnight revels pale ;
No youth admires their fading charms,
For beauty's in the vale.

BOTH.

Amid the shades the virgin's sighs
Add fragrance to the gale :
So they that will may take the hill,
Since love is in the vale.

CLXIII. *Sung in Rosina.*

ERE bright Rosina met my eyes,
How peaceful pass'd the joyous day !
In rural sports I gain'd the prize,
Each virgin listen'd to my lay.

But now no more I touch the lyre,
No more the rustic sport can please ;
I live the slave of fond desire,
Lost to myself, to mirth, and ease.

The tree that in a happier hour
It's boughs extended o'er the plain,

When blasted by the light'ning's power,
Nor charms the eye, nor shades the swain.

CLXIV. *Sung in the Castle of Andalusia.*

THE hardy sailor braves the ocean,
Fearless of the roaring wind,
Yet his heart, with soft emotion,
Throbs to leave his love behind.

To dread of foreign foes a stranger
Tho' the youth can dauntless roam,
Alarming fears paint every danger,
In a rival left at home.

CLXV. *Sung by Mr. Vernon.*

AS Jockey was trudging the meadows so gay,
So blithe and so bonny his air,
He met a young lass who was going his way,
Her face all so clouded with care :
He ask'd her what made her so moping and sad ?
'Twas a pity if she were in pain :
She sigh'd, " I have lost the very best lad,
" And I never shall see him again !"

Is he gone to the wars for full many a year,
Quoth Jockey, who troubles you so ?
Or else, where on earth he can never appear,
Where you and I surely must go ?
" No, he's fled (she reply'd) with another fond she,
" Tho' to me he was plighted for aye,
" O'er the mountains he's gone with another from
" And therefore I cannot be gay." [me,
If that's all, quoth Jockey, your wailing give o'er,
He's a loon, who is not worth your pain ;
Let him go, since he's chang'd, be you wretched
no more,
Nor think of a false-hearted swain :

But

But take, if you will, for the lad of your heart,
Whom fortune has thrown in your way,
I'll soothe all your grief, and I'll banish your smart,
Here I'm ready to do as I say.

Then he wip'd her bright eyes, and he sung her a
Her face look'd no longer despair; [song,
He whisper'd of love as they saunter'd along,
And she thought him a lad worth her care:
She smil'd and grew pleas'd, late a stranger to joy,
And Jockey, perceiving her kind,
More pressing was grown, and the lass was less coy,
So he drove the false loon from her mind.

CLXVI. S O N G.

BEhold this fair goblet, 'twas carv'd from the tree,
Which, oh! my sweet Shakespear, was plant-
ed by thee;

As a relic I kiss it, and bow at thy shrine,
What comes from thy hand must be ever divine.

All shall yield to the Mulberry-tree;

Bend to thee

Bless'd Mulberry;

Matchless was he

That planted thee,

And thou, like him, immortal shalt be.

Ye trees of the forest so rampant and high,
Who spread round your branches, whose heads
sweep the sky;

Ye curious exotics, whom taste has brought here,
To root out the natives at prices so dear:

All shall yield, &c.

The oak is held royal, is Britain's great boast,
Preserv'd once our king, and will always our coast:
Of

Of the fir we make ships : there are thousands that
fight,

But one, only one, like our Shakespeare can write.
All shall yield, &c.

Let Venus delight in her gay myrtle bow'rs,
Pomona in fruit trees, and Flora in flow'rs;
The garden of Shakespeare all fancies will suit,
With the sweetest of flowers, and the fairest of fruit.
All shall yield, &c.

With learning and knowledge the well-letter'd birch
Supplies law and physic, and grace for the church;
But law and the gospel in Shakespeare we find,
He gives the best physic for body and mind.
All shall yield, &c.

The fame of the patron gives fame to the tree ;
From him and his merits this takes its degree :
Give Phœbus and Bacchus their laurel and vine,
The tree of our Shakespeare is still more divine.
All shall yield, &c.

As the genius of Shakespeare outshines the bright
day

More rapture than wine to the heart can convey :
So the tree which he planted, by making his own,
Has the laurel and bays, and the vine all in one.
All shall yield, &c.

Then each take a relic of this hollow tree,
From folly and fashion a charm let it be ;
Let's fill to the Planter the cup to the brim,
To honour your country do honour to him.
All shall yield, &c.

CLXVII. S O N G.

BLab not what you ought to smother,
Honour's laws should sacred be ;

Boasting

Boasting favours from another,
Ne'er will favour gain with me.

But, inspir'd with indignation,
Sooner I'd lead apes in hell,
Ere I trust my reputation
With such fools as kifs and tell.

He who finds a hidden treasure,
Never should the same reveal :
He whom beauty crowns with pleasure,
Cautious should his joy conceal.

Him with whom my heart I'll venture,
Shall my fame from censure save ;
One where truth and prudence center,
And as secret as the grave.

CLXVIII. S O N G.

C Ome, Colin, pride of rural swains,
O come and bless thy native plains ;
The daisies spring, the beeches bud,
The songsters warble in the wood.

Come, Colin, haste, O haste away,
Your smiles will make the village gay ;
When you return the vernal breeze
Will wake the buds and fan the trees.

Oh ! come and see the violets spring,
The meadows laugh, the linnets sing ;
Your eyes our joyless hearts can cheer,
O haste ! and make us happy here.

CLXIX. *Surg by Mr. Beard, and Mrs. Vernon, in
the Chaplet.*

Damcr.

C Ontended all day I will sit at your side,
Where poplars far stretching o'er-arch the
cool tide ;
And,

And, while the clear river runs purling along,
 The thrush and the linnet contend in their song,
 The thrush and the linnet contend in their song.

Laura.

While you are but by me, no danger I fear ;
 Ye lambs, rest in safety, my Damon is near ;
 Bound on, ye blithe kids, now your gambols may
 please,
 For my shepherd is kind, and my heart is at ease,
 For my shepherd, &c.

Damon.

Ye virgins of Britain, bright rivals of day,
 'The wish of each heart, and the theme of each lay ;
 Ne'er yield to the swain till he makes you a wife,
 For he who loves truly will take you for life,
 For he who, &c.

Laura.

Ye youths who fear nought but the frowns of the
 fair ;
 'Tis yours to relieve, not to add to their care ;
 Then scorn to their ruin assistance to lend,
 Nor betray the sweet creatures your born to defend,
 Nor betray, &c.

Duetto.

For their honour and faith be our virgins renown'd,
 Nor false to his vows one young shepherd be found ;
 Be their moments all guided by virtue and truth,
 To preserve in their age what they gain'd in their
 youth,
 To preserve in their age what, &c.

CLXX *Sung in the Duenna.*

Could I her faults remember,
 Forgetting ev'ry charm,

Soon

Soon would impartial reason
 The tyrant love disarm :
 But when enrag'd I number
 Each failing of her mind
 Love still suggests her beauty,
 And sees---while Reason's blind.

CLXXI. S O N G.

Free from confinement and strife,
 I'll plow through the ocean of life,
 To seek new delights,
 Where beauty invites,
 But ne'er be confin'd to a wife.
 The man that is free,
 Like a vessel at sea,
 After conquest and plunder may roam :
 But when either confin'd
 By wife or by wind,
 Tho' for glory design'd,
 No advantage they find,
 But rot in the harbour at home.

CLXXII. S O N G.

OH! my sweet pretty Mog, you're as soft as a
 bog,
 And as wild as a kitten, as wild as a kitten!
 Those eyes on your face (arra! pity my case)
 Poor Dermot have smitten, poor Dermot have
 smitten!
 Far softer than silk, and as fair as new milk,
 Your lily white hand is, your lily white hand is!
 Your shape's like a pail, from your head to your tail,
 Oh! you're strait as a wand is, you're strait as a
 wand is!

Your

Your lips, red as cherries, and your curling hair is
 As black as the devil, as black as the Devil;
 Your breath is as sweet too as any potato,
 Or orange from Seville, or orange from Seville!
 When drest in your boddice, you trip like a goddess,
 So nimble, so frisky, so nimble, so frisky!
 A kiss on your cheek ('tis so soft and so sleek)
 Would warm me like whisky, would warm me
 like whisky!

I grunt, and I pine, and I sob like a swine,
 Because you're so cruel, because you're so cruel;
 No rest I can take, and, asleep or awake,
 I dream of my jewel, I dream of my jewel!
 Your hate then give over, nor Dermot, your lover,
 So cruelly handle, so cruelly handle,
 Or Dermot must die, like a pig in a sty,
 Or snuff of a candle, or snuff of a candle!

CLXXIII. *Sung in the Capricious Lovers.*

FROM flow'r to flow'r the butterfly,
 O'er fields o'er gardens ranging,
 Sips sweets from each, and flutters by,
 And all his life his changing.

Thus roving man new objects sway,
 By various charms delighted;
 While she who pleases most to-day,
 To-morrow shall be slighted.

CLXXIV. S O N G.

GIVE Isaac the nymph who no beauty can boast
 But health and good-humour to make her his
 toast;

If straight, I don't mind whether slender or fat,
 And six feet or four---we'll ne'er quarrel for that.

Whate'er

Whate'er her complexion---I vow I don't care;
 If brown---it is lasting---more pleasing if fair:
 And tho' in her cheeks I no dimples should see,
 Let her smile---and each dell is a dimple to me.

Let her locks be the reddest that ever were seen,
 And her eyes---may be e'en any colour---but green;
 For in eyes, tho' so various the lustre and hue,
 I swear I've no choice---only let her have two.

'Tis true, I'd dispense with a throne on her back,
 And white teeth, I own, are genteeler than black;
 A little round chin too's a beauty, I've heard,
 But I only desire---she mayn't have a beard.

CLXXV. S O N G.

GO, tuneful bird, that glads the skies,
 To Daphne's window speed thy way,
 And there on quiv'ring pinions rise,
 And there thy vocal art display.

And if she deign thy notes to hear,
 And if she praise thy matin song:
 Tell her the sounds that sooth her ear
 To Damon's native plaints belong
 Tell her, in livelier plumes array'd,
 The bird from Indian groves may shine;
 But ask the lovely partial maid,
 What are his notes compar'd to thine?

Then bid her treat yon witless bean,
 And all his flaunting race, with icorn,
 And lend an ear to Damon's woe,
 Who sings her praise, and sings forlorn.

CLXXVI. *Sung in the Duenna.*

HAD I a heart for falsehood fram'd,
 I ne'er could injure you:

For

For though your tongue no promise claim'd,
Your charms would make me true.

To you no soul shall bear deceit,
No stranger offer wrong :
But friends in all the ag'd you'll meet,
And lovers in the young.

But when they learn that you have blest
Another with your heart,
They'll bid aspiring passion rest,
And act a brother's part.

Then, lady, dread not here deceit,
Nor fear to suffer wrong :
For friends in all the ag'd you'll meet,
And brothers in the young.

CLXXVII. S O N G.

HOW stands the glass around ?
For shame ! you take no care, my boys.
How stands the glass around ?
Let mirth and wine abound.
The trumpets found ;
The colours they are flying, boys.
To fight, kill, or wound,
May we still be found,
Content with our hard fate, my boys,
On the cold ground.

Why, soldiers, why,
Should we be melancholy, boys ?
Why, soldiers, why ?
Whose business 'tis to die !
What, fighting ? fie !
Damn fear, drink on, be jolly, boys !
'Tis he, you, or I !
Cold, hot, wet, or dry,

We're

We're always bound to follow, boys,
And scorn to fly!

'Tis but in vain,----
I mean not to upbraid ye, boys,----
'Tis but in vain
For soldiers to complain.
Should next campaign
Send us to him who made us, boys,
We're free from pain!
But if we remain,
A bottle and kind landlady
Cure all again.

CLXXVIII. S O N G.

Give the toast, my good fellow be jovial and gay,
And let the brisk moments pass jocund away :
Here's the King---take your bumpers, my brave
British souls,
Who guard your fair freedom should crown your
full bowls.
Let him live, long and happy---see Lewis brought
down;
And taste all the comforts, no cares of a crown.

CLXXIX. *Sung in the Fair American.*

IF you'll consent my lovely dear,
To be a sailor's wife ;
By truth you'll find him always steer,
Throughout the cruise of life.
I've been on India's wealthy coast,
But nothing there I prize,
Like rubies which those lips can boast,
Like di'monds in those eyes.

CLXXX.

CLXXX. SONG.

THE fields were gay
 And sweet the hay,
 Our gang of gypsies seated,
 Upon the grais,
 Both lad and lass,
 By you we are all treated.
 Young chicken, geese,
 With ducks and pease,
 And beans and bacon dainty ;
 With punch and beer,
 The best of cheer,
 You gave us then in plenty.
 'Twas all to cheat poor silly Fan,
 And pilfer that same jewel ;
 You're sworn to me, you perjur'd man,
 Tho' now so false and cruel.
 You stole some cloaths,
 And caps and hose
 From sister Pat last Easter,
 To make me fine,
 And give me nine-
 Pence and a silver teaster.
 An apron too,
 Tho' not quite new,
 As good as from the needle ;
 And once, I own,
 You give a crown,
 To save me from the beadle.
 'Twas all to cheat poor silly Fan, &c.
 Whene'er we'd meet,
 With kisses sweet,
 And speeches soft you won me ;
 The hawthorn bush
 Shou'd make you blush,
 'Twas there you first undone me.

What signifies
 Your shams and lies,
 Your jokes no more shall jeer me---
 A license bring,
 And golden ring,
 Or never more come near me.
 For you have cheated filly Fan, &c.

CLXXXI. SONG.

THE blush of Aurora now tinges the morn,
 And dew drops bespangle the sweet scented
 thron,
 Then sound brother sportsman, sound, sound, the
 gay horn,
 Till Phœbus awakens the day;
 And see now he rises! in splendor how bright,
 I O Pæan for Phœbus the god of delight,
 All glorious in beauty now banishes night,
 Then mount boys to horse and away.
 What raptures can equal the joys of the chace,
 Health, bloom and contentment appear in each face
 And in our swift coursers what beauty and grace,
 While we the fleet stag do pursue;
 At the deep & harmonious sweet cry of the hounds,
 Wing'd by terror, he bursts from forest's wide bounds
 And tho' like the lightning he darts o'er the grounds,
 Yet still boys, we keep him in view.
 When chac'd till quite spent he his life does resign,
 Our victim we'll offer at Bacchus's shrine,
 And revel in honour of Nimrod divine,
 That hunter so mighty of fame;
 Our glasses then charge to our country and king,
 Love and beauty we'll fill to and jovially sing,
 Wishing health and success till we make the house
 ring,
 To all sportsmen and sons of the game.

CLXXXII.

CLXXXII. *Sung in the Maid of the Mill.*

GAdzooks! there's such gig, and nice rig on the lawn,

Little Sal for a partner wou'd fain have me on ;

But when your's I shall be,

How 'twill mortify she,

Then I'll bet twenty pound,

That the whole village round

Cannot shew such a couple as Patty and me.

For you the sweetest flowers I chose,

See here the wreath I've wove ;

Of this a chaplet I'll compose,

And crown you queen of love.

Tho' Jemmy so supple,

And Jenny so taper,

Cast off the first couple,

Because they can caper.

Poll jigs it with Roger,

Blithe Betty with Cudden ;

And Cudden's a codger

Won't tire of a sudden.

Tho' Sim of the valley,

So nimble when tipsey,

Foots up to fly Sally,

That arch little gypsy.

Tho' spruce Davy Dumble,

Is partner with Dolly,

And old Gaffer Grumble

Is link'd to young Polly ;

Yet you and I'll dance for a crown or a guinea,

'Gainst Poll, Sim, Sall, Jem, Bet, Bill, Cudden and Jenny.

CLXXXIII.

CLXXXIII. *Sung in the Maid of the Mill.*

THE great folks are noble, and proud let 'em be,
 Of title, of honour, and wealth,
 That I am a Briton is title to me,
 And I'm rich in a stock of good health.

Lads, stop the mill;

Be the hopper still;

When low the sun,

Our work is done;

Then we'll sit to our homely board with glee,
 For sweet is the bread of industry.

Though in summer I copied the provident ant,
 For winter some grains to provide;

Yet, what I could spare to a friend when in want,
 I ne'er was the friend who denied.

Lads, stop the mill, &c.

CLXXXIV. S O N G.

THE busy crew their sails unbending,
 The ship in harbour safe arriv'd;
 Jack Oakum all his perils ending,
 Had made the port where Kitty liv'd.

His rigging no one dare attack it,

Tight fore and aft, above, below;

Long quarter'd shoes, cheek shirt, blue jacket,

With trowsers like the driven snow.

His honest heart with pleasure glowing,

Flew like lightning o'er the side,

Scarce had he been a boats length rowing,

Before his Kitty he espy'd.

Her flowing pennants gaily flutter'd,

From her hat, all made of straw;

Red was her cheeks when first she utter'd,

"Sure 'twas my Sailor that I saw."

G

And

And now the gazing crew surround her,
 Secure from all but love's alarms,
 Swift as a ball from a nine pounder,
 They dart into each others arms!

CLXXXV. S O N G.

BLow high, blow low, let tempests tear,
 The mainmast by the board,
 My heart with thoughts of thee my dear,
 And love well stor'd,
 Shall brave all dangers scorn all fear,
 The roaring wind the raging sea;
 In hopes on shore to be once more,
 Safe moor'd with thee.

Aloft while mountains high we go,
 The whistling wind that scuds along,
 And the surge roaring from below,
 Shall my signal be to think on thee,
 And this shall be my song.

Blow high, blow low, &c.

And on that night when all the crew,
 In memory of their former lives,
 O'er flowing cans of flip renew,
 Shall drink their sweethearts and their wives;
 I'll heave a sigh and think on thee,
 And as the Ship rolls through the Sea,
 The burthen of my song shall be
 Blow high, blow low, &c-

CLXXXVI. *Sang by Mrs. Kennedy.*

WHY tarries my love,
 Ah! where does he rove?
 My love is long absent from me;
 Come hither my dove,

I'll write to my love,
And send him a letter by thee.

To find him swift fly,
The letter I'll tye,
Secure to thy leg with a string ;
Ah ! not to my leg,
Fair lady I beg,
But fasten it under my wing.

Her dove she did deck,
She drew o'er his neck,
A bell and a collar so gay :
She tied to his wing,
The scroll with a string,
Then kiss'd him, and sent him away.

It blew and it rain'd,
The pigeon disdain'd,
To seek shelter, undaunted he flew :
Till wet was his wing,
And painful the string,
So heavy the letter it grew.

He flew all around,
Till Colin he found,
Then perch'd on his hand with the prize :
Whose heart while he reads
With tenderness bleeds,
For the pigeon that flutters and dies.

CLXXXVII. S O N G.

AS I came from milking some evening awhile,
And sat down my milkpail to rest on the stile,
Our Will at a distance espy'd me and ran,
And sure as they say he's a main clever man :
He whisper'd of that you may easily dream,
And sweet were his lips as the taste of new cream.
He whisper'd, &c. But

But Kate who can't bear him for romping with me,
 Pass'd by and flew homewards to tell of our glee;
 So mistress came puffing and panting for breath,
 And bounc'd so, you'd thought he had kiss'd me
 to death :

Indeed he so pleas'd me, and pleases me still,
 I fancy none else but my clever lad Will.

He vows too he'll make me as kind a return,
 And his words are as butter just come from the churn,
 So soft and so tender they're melting I swear,
 It does one's heart good when he calls me his dear :
 My dame then may bluster, and Kate fret her fill,
 For marry'd I'll be to my clever lad Will.

CLXXXVIII. S O N G.

AS passing by a shady grove,
 I heard a linnet sing,
 Whose sweetly plaintive voice of love,
 Proclaim'd the chearful spring,
 Proclaim'd the chearful spring :
 His pretty accents seem'd to flow,
 As if he knew no pain,
 His downy throat he tun'd so sweet,
 It echo'd o'er the plain,
 It echo'd o'er the plain.

Ah ! happy warbler (I reply'd,)
 Contented thus to be ;
 'Tis only harmony and love,
 Can be compar'd to thee,
 Can be compar'd to thee.
 Thus perch'd upon the spray ye stand,
 The monarch of the shade,
 And even sip ambrosial sweets,
 That glow from ev'ry glade,
 That glow from ev'ry glade.

Did

Did man possess but half thy bliss,
 How joyful might he be,
 But man was never form'd for this,
 'Twas only joy for thee,
 'Twas only joy for thee.
 Then farewell pretty bird (I said,)
 Pursue thy plaintive tale,
 And let thy tuneful accents spread,
 All o'er the fragrant vale.

CLXXXIX. S O N G.

TO thine altar O love how eager we press,
 How thy frowns we despise how thy smiles
 we carefs,
 The gay ladies of town and the nymphs of the
 plain,
 The courtiers so fine and the blith country swain,
 All haste to thine altar in hopes there to prove,
 That sweets are the pleasures, that sweets are the
 pleasures the pleasures of love.
 But how oft disappointed their hopes do they find,
 How seldom success crowns the wish of the mind,
 The morning looks pleasant, the prospect looks gay,
 But a storm soon comes on, and their hopes die away,
 For tho' all may expect few only will prove
 That sweet are the pleasures the pleasures of love.

CXC. S O N G.

MY dog and my mistress are both of a kind,
 As fickle as fancy inconstant as wind,
 My dog follows ev'ry strange heel in the streets,
 And my wench is as fond of each fellow she meets;
 Yet in spite of her airs, I'll not make the least strife,
 But be cherry, and merry, and happy thro' life;
 Sing hey down derry,
 Cherry & merry, cherry & merry, cherry & merry,
 But be cherry and merry, and happy thro' life.

Go miss where she will, and whenever she please,
 Her conduct shall ne'er my philosophy teaze,
 Her freedom shall never embitter my glee,
 One woman's the same as another to me.

So in spite. &c.

I laugh at the wretches who stupidly pine,
 For false hearted gipsies they title divine
 At worst of my love fits no physic I ask,
 But that which is found in the bowl or the flask.

For go things how they will, I'll not, &c.

The girl that behaves with good humour and sense,
 Shall still to my heart hold the warmest pretence;
 For those that would jilt me, deceive and betray,
 In honest bumpers I'll wash them away;
 'Tis my final resolve ne'er to make the least strife,
 But be cherry and merry and happy thro' life.

CXCI. *Sung by Mr. Edwin.*

Four and twenty fiddlers all on a row, four and
 twenty fiddlers all on a row, there was fiddle
 faddle fiddle and my double damme semi quib-
 ble down below. It is my lady's holiday there-
 fore let us be merry.

2 Four and twenty drummers all on a row, there
 was hey rub a dub ho rub a dub fiddle faddle,
 &c.

3 Four and twenty trumpeters all on a row, there
 was tantara rara tantara rera hey rub a dub, &c.

4 Four and twenty coblers all on a row, there was
 stab awl and cobbler and cobbler and stab awl
 tantara rera, &c.

5 Four and twenty fencing masters all on a row,
 there was push carte and teirce down at heel
 cut him across stab awl and cobbler, &c.

6 Four

- 6 Four and twenty captains all on a row, there was
Oh! d---n me kick him down stairs push carte
and tierce, &c.
- 7 Four and twenty parsons all on a row, there was
Lord have mercy upon us O! d---n me kick
him down stairs, &c.
- 8 Four and twenty taylors all on a row, one caught
a louse, another let it loose and another cried
knock him down with the goose, Lord have
mercy upon us, &c.
- 9 Four and twenty barbers all on a row, there was
bag wigs, short bobs, toupees, long ques, shave
for a penny, O d---n'd hard times two ruffles
and ne'er a shirt, one caught a louse, &c.
- 10 Four and twenty quakers all on a row, there
was Abraham begat Isaac, and Isaac begat Ja-
cob, and Jacob peopled the twelve tribes of
Israel, with bag wigs, short bobs, toupees, long
ques, shave for a penny, Oh d---n'd hard times
two ruffles and ne'er a shirt, one caught a louse
another let it loose, and another cried knock
him down with the goose, Lord have mercy
upon us, Oh d---n me kick him down stairs
push carte and teirce, down at heel cut him a-
cross, stab awl and cobbler, and cobbler stab awl,
tantara rara, tantara rera, hey rub a dub, ho
rub a dub, fiddle faddle fiddle and my double
damme temi quibble down below. It is my
lady's holiday therefore let us be merry.

CXCII. S O N G.

Young Damon pride of all the plain,
So gentle and so sweet a swain,
He reign'd in love each nymph he view'd
Was caught and by his looks subdued :

G 4

But

But now the youth in gloom retires,
And wanders thro' the woods and briars,
Or on the turf supinely laid,
He thus reproves the cruel maid.

When I so long with truth did woo,
And did what constant love could do,
I little thought the time would come
That truth should prove the lover's doom:
The flowers I cull'd the wreaths I wove,
She wore as tokens of my love,
And every fond endearment gave,
That love-enraptur'd souls could have.

CXCIII. *Sung by Mr. Edwin.*

'T Was I learnt a pretty song in France,
And I brought it o'er the sea by chance;
And when in Wapping I did dance,
Oh, the like was never seen:
For I made the music loud for to play,
All for to pass the dull hours away,
And when I had nothing left for to say,
Then I sung fal de ral tit, tit fal de ral, tit fal de
ray, then I sung fal de ral tit, then we sung
fal de ral tit.

As I was walking down Thames-street,
A ship mate of mine I chanc'd for to meet,
And I was resolv'd him for to treat,
With a can of grog, gillio!
A can of grog they brought us straight,
All for to pleasure my ship mate,
And satisfaction give him straight,
Then I sung fal de ral tit, &c.

The maccaronies next came in,
All dress'd so neat and look'd so trim,

And

And thinking for to strike me dum.

Some was short and some was tall,
But 'tis very well known that I lick'd them all,
For I dous'd their heads against the wall,

Then I sung fal de ral tit, &c.

The landlord then aloud did say
As how he wish'd I would go away ;
And if I attempted for to stay,

As how he'd take the law.

Lord d---me, says I, you may do your worst,
For I've not scarcely quench'd my thirst,
All this I said, and nothing worse,

Then I sung fal de ral tit, &c.

It's when I've crost the raging main,
And be come back to old England again,

Of grog I'll drink galore ;

With a pretty girl to sit by my side,
And for her costly robes I'll provide,
So that she shall be satisfied,

Then I'll sing fal de ral tit, &c.

CXCIV. S O N G.

Sung at the FREE and EASY SOCIETY, Liverpool.

MY friends I survey all around with delight,
And jocund & merry I spend each club-night,
What mortals on earth, are so happy as we ?
For our motto and guide, "Free and Easy" shall be.

C H O R U S.

Free and easy are we, free and easy are we,
Till time is no more, free and easy we'll be.

Let humour and mirth with rapidity flow,
But season'd with prudence, that all men may know,
We are social and happy in every degree,
And live like good fellows, "both easy and free."

That our club may still flourish and friendship
 abound,
 Discord fly from hence, faction no where be found,
 There's no one that's here, but he'll sure join with
 me,
 That the true honest heart alone should be free.
 With transport my friend, let us fill up a glass,
 To the members at large, around let it pass,
 Then join my good fellows, since in this we agree,
 That our motto thro' life, shall be easy and free.

CXCIV. *Sung in Poor Vulcan.*

THE moment Aurora peep'd into my room,
 I put on my cloaths and I call'd for my groom;
 Will Whistle by this had uncoupl'd the hounds,
 Who lively and mettlesome frisk'd o'er the grounds;
 And now we're all saddled, fleet dapple and grey,
 Who seem'd longing to hear the glad sound hark
 away, hark away, hark away,
 Who seem'd longing to hear, &c.

'Twas now by the clock about five in the morn,
 And we all gallop'd off to the sound of the horn;
 Jack Gater, Bill Babler, and Dick at the goose,
 When all of a sudden out starts mistress pufs;
 Men, horses, and dogs not a moment would stay,
 And echo was heard to cry, hark! hark away.

The course was a fine one, she took o'er the plain
 Which she doubled, and doubled and doubled again;
 Till at last she to cover return'd out of breath,
 Where I and Will Whistle were in at the death;
 Then in triumph for you I the hare did display,
 And cry'd to the horns, my boys, hark, hark away.

CXCVI.

CXCVI. S O N G.

Come and listen to my ditty,
 All ye jolly jovial crew,
 What's the head that's wise and witty,
 To the heart that's stout and true.
 Gallic sons may boast their breeding,
 We a nobler theme will sing;
 Our ambition is in bleeding,
 For our country and our king.

Busy crowds the throne attending,
 Every monarch reigns in state;
 But his country's cause defending,
 Every subject is as great:
 Spaniard boast of thy dominion,
 Let it e'er so mighty be;
 Yet brave boys, in my opinion,
 We rule more, who rule the sea.

Though the roaring tempest thunder,
 Or the battle presses near,
 We no dread or care are under,
 Honest souls disdain so fear;
 High, nor low church, whig, nor tory,
 Like our union we agree,
 To be brave is all our glory,
 All we ask is to be free.

Hark! the british cannons rattle,
 Honour calls aloud to arms,
 Rodney guides the glowing battle,
 Freedom every bosom warms:
 Let the treach'rous French now tremble,
 Let the foes of Britain see?
 We no longer rage dissemble,
 When we arm for liberty.

CXC VII. S O N G.

'T Was in the dead of night, soon after Jenny
wed,

And wi her faithful Jemmy was sleeping in her bed,
A hollow voice she heard, which call'd her to awake,
And listen to the words would be utter'd for her
fate.

She started from her sleep, her bosom beat with fear,
When the ghaist of Robin Gray before her did ap-
pear;

It wav'd its shadowy hand, and thus to her did say,
Ah! Jenny list awhile to your Auld Robin Gray.

I do not come dear Jean your conduct to reprove,
Or interrupt the joys you share in constant Jemmy's
love,

His honest heart deserves whate'er he can receive,
Since he has fought so nobly, and would not you
deceive.

Still let his courage rise, his country's foes to quell,
To you he safe shall come again, the fates now bid
me tell,

With Howe as well as Rodney his valour he'll dis-
play,

If you will but believe the ghaist of Robin Gray.

And Jenny must submit, your virtue is your guard,
For virtue has in store for you a high and rich re-
ward,

The haughty Dons subdued with Holland and with
France,

Your Jemmy with fresh laurels crown'd will to
your wish advance:

Then let him haste wi all his speed to join the noble
fleet,

Tho' danger does appear in view, no harm shall
Jemmy meet,

But

But joyful shall return again upon a future day,
As you may sure believe the ghaist of Robin Gray.

CXCVIII. *Sung in the Summer Amusement.*

GO high, go low, in ev'ry state,
The sailor's heart is true,
In adverse or in prosp'rous fate,
He joins the crew.
Then toiling early, watching late,
Defends his king and country's cause,
In hopes to be when come from sea,
Cheer'd with applause.

At home when sports his welcome crown,
His wife's the liveliest of the throng,
Or when care sinks his spirits down,
Her endearing smile rewards his toil, and greets
his fav'rite song.

So when the nuptial knot is tied,
Our friendship closer will cement;
Each morn you'll hail my blooming bride,
And gladly share my heart's content.
I'll grasp the hand which made her mine,
To social scenes my hours resign,
While all the wanted strain shall join.

CXCIX. S O N G.

D U E T.

O Welcome home, my dearest jack,
What cheer my pretty polly,
Rejoic'd to see my love come back,
Then why so melancholy,
And whither bound my charming snow,
Alas! I know not whither,
If turn'd adrift and freighted so,
A fair wind blew me hither.

A buss, but first your apron hold,
 To rig you out completely,
 Oh! bless my heart is all this gold,
 It is now kiss me sweetly:
 But dearest jack, what says my wench,
 Oh! tell me how you got 'em,
 I drubb'd the Spaniards bang'd the French,
 And kick'd Mynheers broad bottom.

Let's weigh for church, but dearest life,
 Ah! will you e'er deceive me,
 I tell you no but when your wife,
 Ah! say you'll never leave me,
 My king and country oh! no more,
 For both you've done your duty,
 Your hand for life, I'm lash'd on shore,
 Wind-bound by love and beauty.

Let sailors when their sweethearts mourn,
 Thus cheer 'em with a kind return:

A port like me let sailors find,
 With sweethearts constant fair and kind.

Let sailors, &c.

A port like me, &c.

CC. S O N G.

TWelve months are past, since on this strand,
 In sad distress we parted;
 And as the boat forsook the land,
 The oar my hand deserted;
 My eyes on your were fondly bent,
 And seem'd their tears to borrow,
 And sure from you a look was sent,
 That well repaid the sorrow.

To bear me quickly from the shore,
 The crew our grief surveying,

With

With length'nd stroke still kept the oar,
 In well tim'd measure playing,
 Till distance and approaching night,
 Your lovely image shaded,
 Yet ever in ideal sight,
 Your beauty rose unfaded.

Off when the midnight watch I've kept,
 While seas were round us swelling,
 I've fear'd alone the gale that swept,
 Too rudely o'er your dwelling,
 But now my love no more your breast,
 Shall beat with sad emotion,
 I'll strive to make each moment blest,
 Nor tempt again the ocean.

CCI. SONG.

Down the bourne and thro' the mead,
 His golden locks wav'd o'er his brow,
 Johnny lilting tun'd his reed,
 And Mary wip'd her bonny mou',
 Dear she lo 'd the well known song,
 While her Jonny, blithe and bonny,
 Sung her praise the whole day long.
 Down the bourne, &c.

Costly claiths she had but few,
 Of rings and jewels nae great store,
 Her face was fair, her love was true,
 And Johnny wisely wish'd no more;
 Love's the pearl, the shepherd's prize,
 O'er the mountain, near the fountain,
 Love delights the shepherd's eyes.
 Down the bourne, &c.

Gold and titles give not health,
 And Johnny cou'd nae these impart;

Youthful

Youthful Mary's greatest wealth
 Was still her faithful Johnny's heart :
 Sweet the joys the lovers find !
 Great the treasure, sweet the pleasure
 Where the heart is always kind.

CCII. S O N G.

STAND to your guns my hearts of oak,
 Let not a word on board be spoke,
 Victory soon will crown the joke,
 Be silent and be ready.

Ram home your guns, and sponge them well,
 Let us be sure the balls will tell,
 The cannons roar shall sound their knell,

Nor yet, nor---reserve your fire,
 I do desire,
 Now the elements do rattle,
 The gods amaz'd behold the battle,
 A broadside my boys.

See the blood in purple tide,
 Trickle down her batter'd side,
 Wing'd with fate the bullets fly,
 Conquer boys or bravely die :
 Hurl destruction on your foes,
 She sinks, huzza, to the bottom down she goes.

CCIII. S O N G.

WE be three poor mariners,
 Newly come from the seas,
 We spend our lives in jeopardy,
 While others live at ease.
 Shall we go dance the round,
 While others live at ease,
 And he that is a bully boy,
 Come pledge me on this ground.

We

We care not for those martial-men,
 That do our states disdain,
 But we care for those merchant-men,
 That do our states maintain.
 To them we dance this round,
 And he that is a bully gay,
 Come pledge me on this ground.

CCIV. S O N G.

THro' the valleys and dales what sweet music
 prevails,

While echo repeats the blith strain,
 While echo repeats the blith strain,
 And see from afar the timorous hare,
 Nimble stretches along the vast plain,
 Nimble stretches along the vast plain,
 The huntsmen are seen like the woods dress'd in
 green,

With the well scented dogs in full view;
 See each steed sweep away, hark! forward, huzza!
 How boldly how fleet they pursue.

O'er river or lake, thro' hedges they break,
 There is nothing can stop the career,
 Hills and valleys behind, they have pass'd like the
 wind,

All strangers to danger and fear.

The chase is now past and the hare kill'd at last,
 The evening is jovially spent,
 Thus the huntsmen are found while the horns sweet-
 ly sound,

And their life is a life of content.

CCV. S O N G.

Since Jenny she has married with auld Robin
 Gray.

Alas! I dinna care how my time gangs away;
 Tho'

Tho' hard were my misfortunes when I was wreck'd
 at sea,
 Yet soon had I forgot them had Jenny staid for me.
 'Twas all for Jenny's sake that I sail'd on the main,
 In hopes of getting richer her gayly to maintain;
 But fatal was the hour I ever went to sea,
 Since Jenny's love is lost and she did na stay for me;
 If parents were poor and cou'd na work or spin,
 Yet auld Robin Gray had na right for her to win;
 If charity he did from out his golden store,
 The deed it might reward him he shou'd na ask na
 more.

Sure gold it is a curst thing, of love it is the bane,
 Yet wae is me I cry to think that I had nane;
 Yet womens love is fickle as cantie as the wind,
 My Jenny she has prov'd it so alas! too true I find;
 What made the old Carl take sic a lovely maid,
 The winter of his age is not fitting for her bed;
 Like ane he lies beside her and snores the night awa,
 Had she but stay'd for Jamie it had na been fa.
 Her breasts were like two lillies, her cheeks were
 like the rose,
 And her breath it was as sweet as the zèphir when
 it blows;
 Her eyes they were like stars in a frosty night so
 fine,
 Yet wae is Jamie's heart she never can be mine:
 True love belongs to man, for women they have
 none,
 Or auld Robin Gray could ne'er have Jenny won;
 It was his gold that charm'd while I was gone to sea,
 Yet sure she can't be happy for thus deceiving me:
 Adieu then my false Jenny since wars now call to
 arms,
 I'll sail upon the ocean and quite forget thy charms;
 Since

I'll fight against the foe no matter death or life,
 Since auld Robin Gray has got Jenny for a wife :
 Yet should I return the news it may be spread,
 That Jenny she is free again and auld Robin dead ;
 I'll wait what fate ordains and never more repine,
 But yet will live in hopes that Jenny may be mine.

CCVI. *Sung in the Fair American.*

WHen Cupid, little fly rogue, blooming, fair,
 and young,
 First wounds the lover's heart, how sweet's a wo-
 man's tongue ;
 We rob the bees of honey if we speak or sing,
 But when the knot is tied, each word has then a
 sting :
 'Tis all click clack, whate'er we say,
 Both jarring night and noon ;
 But ring the changes still each day,
 And talk things into tune.

About his cage with joy the nimble squirrel climbs,
 His prison quite forgot whilst tinkling go the chimes ;
 Thus husbands manag'd well, though fetter'd to
 the ground,
 Think, when they shake their chains, there's music
 in the sound :
 'Tis all click clack, whate'er we say,
 Both jarring night and noon ;
 But ring the changes still each day,
 And talk things into tune.

CCVII. *Sung in the Way to Keep Him.*

YE fair married dames, who so often deplore
 That a lover once blest'd is a lover no more,
 Attend to my counsel, nor blush to be taught,
 That prudence must cherish what beauty has caught :
 Th

The bloom of your cheek, and the glance of your
eye,
Your roses and lillies may make the men sigh;
But roses and lillies, and sighs pass away,
And passion will die as your beauties decay.

Use the man that you wed like your fav'rite guitar,
Tho' music in both, they are both apt to jar;
How tuneful and soft from a delicate touch,
Not handled too roughly, nor play'd on too much!

The sparrow and linnet will feed from your hand,
Grow tame by your kindness, and come at com-
mand;
Exert with your husband the same happy skill,
For hearts, like your birds, may be tam'd to your
will.

Be gay and good-humour'd, complying and kind,
Turn the chief of your care from your face to your
mind,
'Tis there that a wife may her conquests improve,
And Hymen shall rivet the fetters of love.

CCVIII. S O N G.

Since the fate of Gibraltar attracts the whole
world,
While the vengeance of France and Spain 'gaint
it is hurl'd,
Tho' their armies and navies together combine,
Yet the conduct of Elliot frustrates each design.
Then let us in full chorus our voices raise high,
And toast the bold hero, till we rend the sky;
His officers too, and his soldiers so brave,
Who boldly endeavour that fortrefs to save.
Tho' the nobles of France, and the grandees of
Attend on the spot, martial honour to gain; [Spain,
Tho'

Tho' their bombs and their batt'ries expensive and
 large,
 In whirlwinds of thunder they daily discharge,
 Yet let us, &c.

Brave Elliot has sallied, and made the Dons fly,
 A mine he has sprung, and each carcass thrown high;
 In vain are there arts, while his courage survives
 In those who love glory much more than their lives.
 Then let us, &c.

May speedy relief at Gibraltar arrive,
 And our treacherous foes of possession deprive!
 Then the laurel of vict'ry we'll instantly place
 Round the temples of those who such dangers em-
 brace.

And all in full chorus our voices raise high,
 To toast the bold Elliot till we rend the sky;
 His officers too, and his soldiers so brave,
 Who boldly determin'd that fortrefs to save.

CCIX. S O N G.

Lord what care we for France or Spain,
 Why let them rave and bellow,
 Since Rodney rules upon the main,
 O! he's a charming fellow.

De Grasse he crow'd like gallic cock,
 And made his cannons bellow,
 But Rodney hit him such a knock,
 O! he's a charming fellow.

Mynheer he met with some time since,
 Which did his honour swell-o.
 When Digby with our Royal Prince,
 Call'd him a charming fellow.

Our foes he'll trim where'er he goes,
 Ye bells his glory tell-o,

France,

France, Spain, and Holland he'll oppose,
O! what a charming fellow.

From north to south, from east to west,
Our enemies he'll quell-o,
Of all our Admirals he's the best,
O! what a charming fellow.

Come tois the bumper now around,
Let fame her trumpet swell-o,
Wherever Rodney's name is found,
They'll call him a charming fellow.

CCX. *Sung in the Summer Amusement.*

NEatest of pretty feet, for dancing intended,
Accept of a partner who always was com-
mended,

Slighting the finest dress attentive to merit,
He likes on those who can jig about with spirit.

Take me madam, I so glad am, that I'll cut a caper,
Stand first couple make no scruple, strike up there
gut scraper:

Turn about, turn about, that's right depend on't,
Hands across, back again, and now there's an end
on't.

If it should be thought that we should encore it,
Negus will make you hot, and wine is unsteady,
Your fan now will cool us both, speak when you're
ready.

CCXI. S O N G.

SONS of ocean fam'd in story,
Won't to hear the laurel'd brow;
Listen to your rising glory.
Growing honours wait you now;

Think

Think not servile adulation
 Meanly marks my grateful song,
 All the praises of the nation
 Giv'n to you, to you belong ;
 And rival kingdoms send from far
 Their plaudits to the British tar.

'Tis not now your valiant daring,
 Courage you've for ages shewn ;
 'Tis not now your mild forbearing,
 Pity war was your own.
 'Tis your prince, so lov'd, so pleasing,
 Spreads your fame thro' distant lands,
 And the trident nobly seizing,
 Grasps it in his youthful hands ;
 Proud to boast in peace or war
 The virtues of the British tar.

When the times were big with danger,
 See your royal shipmate go,
 And to every fear a stranger,
 Brave the fury of the foe :
 Now when smiling peace rejoices,
 Greet him with a sailor's arts,
 Cheer his presence with your voices,
 Pay his service with your arts ;
 And be henceforth your leading star,
 The gallant, royal, British tar.

CCXII. *Sung in the Carnival of Venice.*

SOON as the busy day is o'er,
 And evening comes with pleasant shade,
 We Gondoliers from shore to shore,
 Merrily ply our jovial trade.

And while the Moon shines on the stream,
 And as soft music breathes around ;

The

The feathering oar returns the gleam,
And dips in concert to the found.

Down by some convent's mouldring walls,
Oft we bear the enamour'd youth;
Softly the watchful fair he calls,
Who whispers vows of love and truth.
And while the Moon, &c.

CCXIII. *Sung in the Carnival of Venice.*

YES, I long for the comical fight,
Such a pair of odd lovers to meet;
When they're wedded in fortune's despite,
How I'll laugh at the pleasant deceit!

O! but once let the knot be fast join'd,
Low I'll curtsy and wish you both joy;
She, by chance, such a treasure to find,
You, by art, such a prize to decoy.

CCXIV. *Sung in the Thomas and Sally.*

BEHOLD, from many a hostile shore,
And all the dangers of the main,
Where billows mount, and tempests roar,
Your faithful Tom's return'd again;
Returns, and with him brings a heart,
That ne'er from Sally shall depart.

After long toils and troubles past,
How sweet to tread our native soil,
With conquest to return at last,
And deck our sweethearts with the spoil:
No one to beauty should pretend,
But such as dare its rights defend.

CCXV.

CCXV. SONG.

ON Thames' fair banks, a gentle youth,
 For Lucy sigh'd with matchless truth,
 Ev'n when he sigh'd in rhyme,
 Ev'n when he, &c.
 The lovely maid his flame return'd,
 And wou'd with equal warmth have burn'd,
 But that she had not time,
 She had not time,---she had not time,
 But that she had not time.

Oft he repair'd, with eager feet,
 In secret shades his fair to meet,
 Beneath the accustom'd lime,
 Sometimes the maid would meet him there,
 But when he begg'd she'd ease his care,
 She said she had not time.

It was not thus, inconstant maid,
 You acted once, the shepherd said,
 When love was in its prime :
 She grieved to hear him thus complain,
 And wish'd she could have eased his pain,
 But still she had not time.

Then pointing to the church, he cry'd,
 This day I'll make young Jane my bride,
 Since you think love a crime :
 No, no, she said, my gentle youth,
 I've try'd your faith and constant truth,
 And now for love have time.

CCXVI SONG.

WHEN first I ken'd young Sandy's face,
 He sung and look'd wi' sic a grace,
 He sung, &c.

He stole my heart, but did na care,

H

The

The lad he loo'd a lafs more fair;
And oft I fung or'e brae and burn,
Hou sweet the love that meets return.

He loo'd a lafs wi' fickle mind,
Was sometimes cauld and sometimes kind,
Which made the love-sick laddy rue,
For she was cauld when he was true:
He mourn'd and fung o'er brae and burn,
How sweet the love that meets return.

One day a pretty wreath he twin'd,
Where lilacks with sweet cowslips join'd,
To make a garland for her hair,
But she refus'd a gift so fair;
This scorn he cry'd can ne'er be borne,
But sweet the love that meets return.

Just then he met my tell-tale e'en,
And love so true is soonest seen;
Dear lafs, said he, my heart is thine,
For thy soft wishes are like mine;
Now Jenny in her turn may mourn,
How sweet the love that meets return.

My answer was both frank and kind,
I loo'd the lad and tell'd my mind,
I loo'd the lad &c.
To kirk we went wi' hearty glee,
And wha sa blest as he and me;
Now blithe we sang o'er brae and burn,
How sweet the love that meets return.

CCXVII. SONG.

THE ruddy morn blink'd o'er the brae,
As blythe I gang'd to milk my kine;
When near the winding bourn of Tay,
Wi' bonny gait, and twa black een,

A Highland lad sae kind me tent,
 Saying, bony lads, how's a wi' you?
 Shall I your pail take o're the bent?
 'Twas yes, kind fir, and I thank you too.

Again he met me i' the e'ne,
 As I ware linkan o'er the lee,
 To join the dance upon the green,
 And said blithe lads I'll gang wi' thee,
 Sae braw he loo'd i' the Highland gear,
 His tartan plaid, and bonnet blue,
 My heart strait whisper'd in my ear.
 Says yes, kind fir, and I thank you too.

We danc'd until the gleaming moon,
 Gave notice that 'twas time to part;
 I thought the reel was o'er too soon,
 For ah! the lad had stawn my heart.
 He saw me hame across the plain,
 Then kiss'd sae sweet, I vow 'tis true,
 That when he ask'd to kiss again,
 'Twas yes, kind fir, and thank you too.

Grown bold he press'd to stay the night,
 Then grip'd me close unto his breast;
 Howt lad! my mither sair wou'd flyte,
 Gin that I grant wi'out the priest,
 Gang first fore him, gif ye be leel,
 I ken right what I then maun do,
 For ask to kiss me when you will,
 'Twill be yes, dear love, and I thank you too.

CCXVIII. SONG.

THE shout is gone forth, hark the deep singing
 hound;
 See the sport loving high mettled steed spurn the
 ground,

H 2

View

View him bend his proud neck as he hears the loud
horn,

And snort the sharp air of the frost breathing morn,
In an instant all nature is rous'd from her trance,
And the hills seem to fly and the trees seem to dance;
The woodlands approach and those forests retire,
With frantic delight ev'ry bosom's on fire.

On a brow the 'wraapt peasant can trace the wild
train,

Pour down the sloop mountain, and cover the plain,
Up the steep, in the stream, or amidst the scar'd
flocks,

Who now regards perils of rivers or rocks?

We plunge in the lake, o'er the precipice fly,

With the game in full view, and the pack in full
cry,

What sportsman lacks courage, what courser lacks
breath?

Or who feels fatigue when we're in at the death?

Nor here ends the pleasure, nor here ends the chace,

Ev'ry double we note, ev'ry danger retrace,

Recount in returning each peril we dar'd,

And point to each spot where the glory was shar'd;

We view the vast fragment, the whirlpool profound,

And glow with rememb'rance of acts so renown'd,

Then to Bacchus and Venus our prowess rehearse,

And deck ev'ry deed in the magic of verse.

CCXIX. S O N G.

NOW Aurora is up, the sweet goddess of day,
Let's hail the gay nymph of the morn,
Bid the shepherds and maids tune their tabors and
play,

Bid the huntsman attend with his horn,
To slavish dull rules let the cit be confin'd,

Let

Let him toil day and night too for wealth,
To hunting and fowling our lives are confin'd,
And our riches, my lads, is good health.

By yon rural copse just opening to fight,
View the young tender brood and prepare,
Let them first for the sky, my good boys, wing their
fight,

True sportsmen delight to shoot fair.
When return'd from the chace let the bumpers go
round,

Let us merrily revel and sing;
In women and wine true harmony's found,
Fill your glasses and toast to the king.

CCXX. S O N G.

WHEN 'tis night and the mid-watch is come,
And dalling mists o're the dark'ned main,
Then sailors think of their distant home,
And of those friends they ne'er may see again;

But when the fight's begun,
Each serving at his gun,
Should any thought of them come o'er our mind,
We think but should the day be won,
How 'twill cheer,
Their heart to hear,
That their old companion he was one.

Or my lad if you a mistress kind,
Have left on shore, some pretty girl and true,
Who many a night doth listen to the wind,
And sighs to think how it may fare with you:

O when the fight's begun,
Each serving at his gun,

Should

Should any thought of her come o'er your mind,
 Think only should the day be won,
 How 'twill cheer
 Her her heart to hear,
 That her own true sailor he was one.

CCXXI. S O N G.

SWEET Annie fra the sea beach came,
 Where Jockey speel'd the vessel's side;
 Ah! wha can keep her heart at hame,
 When Jockey's tofs'd aboon the tide.

Far aff 'till distant realms he gangs,
 But Ise be true, as he ha' ben,
 And when ilk la's, around him thrangs,
 He'll think on Annie's faithful teen.

Our weelthy laird I met yestern,
 With gowd in hand he tempted me,
 He prais'd my brow and rowan een,
 And made a brag of what he'd gie.

What tho' my Jockey's far away.
 Blaw'd up and down the awesome main,
 Ise keep my heart anither day,
 Syne Jockey may return again.

Nai mair fause Jamy sing nae mair,
 And fairly cait your pipe away,
 Thy Jockey wad be troubled fair,
 To see his freen his loo betray.

Yer fangs and a' yer verse is vain,
 While Jockey's notes do faithful flow,
 To him my heart sal true remain,
 Ise keep it for my constant Jo.

Blow soft ye gales round Jockey's head,
 And gar ye waves be calm and still,

His

His hameward sails with breezes speed,
And dinna a' my pleasures spill.

Tho' full o'er lang will be his stay.
Yet then he'll braw in silver shine,
I'll keep my heart a nither day,
Sync Jockey will again be mine.

CCXXII. S O N G.

THIS cold flinty heart it is you who have warm'd,
You waken'd my passion, my senses have
charm'd,

In vain against merit and Cymon I strove,
What's life without passion sweet passion of love.

The frost nips the bud, and the rose cannot blow,
From the youth that is frost nipp'd no rapture can
flow,

Elysium to him but a desert will prove,
What's life without passion sweet passion of love.

The spring should be warm, the young seasons be
gay,

Her birds and her flow'rets make blithesome sweet
May,

Love blesses the cottage and sings thro' the grove,
What's life without passion, sweet passion of love.

CCXXIII. S O N G.

TO an arbour of woodbines ye both shall be led,
Soft leaves for your pillow the grass for your
bed,

While wanton young sparrows chirp over your head,
All under the greenwood shade.

When the moon with pale lustre peeps thro' the
grove,

And nightingales answer the chaste turtle dove,
The maid without blushing shall clasp her true love
All under the green wood shade.

Our innocent pleasures begin with the day,
While guiltless our hearts we have cause to be gay;
No virgins dissemble no shepherds betray,
All under the green wood shade.

Should frowns for a while arm the face of the fair,
Yet soon the young lover forgets all his care,
When lovely young Phillis forbids him despair,
All under the green wood shade.

CCXXIV. SONG.

IANTHE the lovely the joy of her swain,
By Iphis was lov'd and lov'd Iphis again,
She lived in the youth and the youth in the fair,
Their pleasures was equal and equal their care,
No delight no enjoyment their dotage withdrew,
But the longer they liv'd still the fonder they grew.

A passion so happy alarm'd all the plain,
Some envy'd the nymph, but more envy'd the
swain,

Some swore 't would be a pity their loves to invade,
That the lovers alone for each other were made,
But all, all consented that none ever knew,
A nymph be more kind, or a shepherd so true.

Love saw them with pleasure and vow'd to take care,
Of the faithful, the tender, the innocent pair,
What either might want he bid either to move,
But they wanted nothing but ever to love,
He said all to bless them his god-head could do,
That they still shou'd be kind and they still shou'd
be true.

CCXXV.

CCXXV. SONG.

BENEATH a green shade a lovely young
swain,

One ev'ning reclin'd to discover his pain,
So sad yet so sweetly he warbled his woe,
The winds ceas'd to breath and the fountains to
flow,

Rude winds with compassion could hear him com-
plain,

Yet Chloe less gentle was deaf to his strain.

How happy, he cry'd, my moments once flew,
E're Chloe's bright charms first flash'd in my view,
Those eyes then with pleasure the dawn could
survey,

Nor smil'd the fair morning more chearful than
they;

Now scenes of distress please only my sight,
I'm tortur'd in pleasure and languish in light.

Thro' changes in vain relief I pursue,
All, all but to conspire my grief to renew,
From sunshine to zephyrs and shades we repair,
To sunshine we fly from too piercing an air;
But love's ardent fever burns always the same,
No winter can cool it no summer inflame.

But see the pale moon all clouded retire,
The breezes grow cool, not Strephon's desire;
I fly from the dangers of tempest and wind,
Yet nourish the madness that preys on the mind,
Ah wretch! how can life be worthy thy care,
To lengthen its moments but lengthens despair.

CCXXVI.

CCXXVI. SONG.

WHY heaves my fond bosom, ah! what can it mean?

Why flutters my heart, which was once so serene?
Why this sighing and trembling, when Daphne is
near,

Or why when she's absent, this sorrow and fear.

For ever methinks I with wonder could trace,
The thousand soft charms that embellish thy face;
Each moment I view thee, new beauties I find,
With thy face I am charm'd but enslav'd by thy
mind.

Untainted with folly, un sullied with pride,
There native good humour, and virtue reside,
Pray heaven that virtue thy soul may supply
With compassion for him, who without thee must
die.

CCXXVII. SONG.

TO Anacreon, in heaven, where he sat in full
glee,

A few sons of harmony sent a petition,
That he their inspirer and patron should be;
When this answer arriv'd from the jolly old Grecian,

“Voice, fiddle, and flute,

“No longer be mute,

“I'll lend you my name to inspire you to boot,

“And, besides I'll instruct you like me to intwine

“The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus' vine.”

The news through Olympus immediately flew;

When old Thunder pretended to give himself
airs---

“If these mortals are suffer'd their scheme to pursue,
“The

" The devil a goddeſs will ſtay above ſtairs.

" Hark ! already they cry,

" In tranſports of joy,

" Away to the ſons of Anacreon we'll fly,

" And there with good fellows we'll learn to intwine

" The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus' vine.

" The yellow-hair'd God and his nine ſuſty maids,

" From Helicon's banks will incontinent flee,

" Idalia will boaſt but of tenantleſs ſhades,

" And the bi forked hill a meer deſart will be.

" My thunder, no fear on't,

" Shall ſoon do this errand,

" And dam'me ! I'll ſwing the ring-leaders, I
warrant,

" I'll trim the young dogs, for thus daring to twine

" The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus' vine.

Apollo roſe up ; and ſaid, " Pr'ythee ne'er quarrel,

" Good king of the gods, with my vo'tries below ;

" Your thunder is uſeleſs"--then ſhewing his laurel,

Cry'd, "*Sic evitabile fulmen*, you know !

" Then over each head

" My laurels I'll ſpread,

" My ſons from your crackers no miſchief ſhall
dread

" Whiſt ſnug in their club-room, they jovially twine

" The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus' vine.

Next Momus got up, with his riſible phiz,

And ſwore with Apollo he'd chearfully join---

" The tide of ſull harmony ſtill ſhall be his,

" But the ſong, and the catch, and the laugh
ſhall be mine,

" Then, Jove be jealous

" Of theſe honeſt fellows."

Cry'd

Cry'd Jove, "We relent, since the truth you now
tell us;

"And swear by old Styx, that they long shall in-
twine

"The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus' vine."

Ye sons of Anacron, then join hand in hand,

Preserve unanimity, friendship, and love!

'Tis your's to support what's so happily plann'd;

You've the sanction of Gods, and the fiat of Jove.

While thus we agree,

Our toast it shall be,

May our club flourish happy, united and free!

And long may the sons of Anacreon intwine,

'The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus' vine.

CCXXVIII. SONG.

HEAR me gallant sailor, hear me,
-While our country has a foe,
He is mine too never fear me,
-I may weep but you shall go.

Tho' this flow'ry season woos you,
To the peaceful sports of May,
And love sighs so long to loose you,
Love to glory must give way.

Can the sons of Britain fail her,
-Whilst her daughters are so true,
Your soft courage must avail her,
We love honour loving you.

War and danger now invite us,
Blow ye winds auspicious blow;
Ev'ry gale will most delight us,
That can waft us to the foe.

CCXXIX. SONG.

WHEN Britain's Queen on Albion's strand,
First landed from the German main,
Neptune the guardian of our land,
With naids join'd, and sung this strain :
Hail, happy isle !
Whose sun has seldom seen,
So gracious, so
Belov'd a Queen.

Fair freedom dreads no galling chain,
In George and Charlotte's love secure ;
For while the laws his will restrain,
Her mild commands our hearts allure.
Britons with glory,
With glory crown the day,
From whence sprung George
And Charlotte's sway.

In her the power to charm is seen,
With unaffected wit and sense ;
A truly great, yet humble mein,
Effulgent truth and innocence.
Britons with glory, &c.

And when no more these virtues shine,
Save bright in the historic page,
Or in her own illustrious line,
Prolong'd by heav'n from age to age.
Still Britannia
Her grateful voice shall raise,
In joyful strains,
To Charlotte's praise.

CCXXX.

CCXXX. S O N G.

IN summer when the leaves were green and blossoms deck'd each tree,

Young Teddy then declar'd his love his artless love to me ;

On Shannon's flow'ry banks we sat, and there he told his tale,

Oh! Patty, softest of thy sex, oh! let fond love prevail :

Ah, well a day, you see me pine in sorrow & despair,
Yet heed me not, then let me die and end my grief and care.

Ah, no dear youth, I softly said, such love demands my thanks,

And here I vow eternal truth on Shannon's flow'ry banks.

And then we vow'd eternal truth on Shannon's flow'ry banks,

And then we gather'd sweetest flowers and play'd such artless pranks ;

But, who is me, the pris-gang came and forc'd my Ned away,

Just then we nam'd next morning fair to be our wedding-day.

My love, he cry'd, they force me hence, but still my heart is thine,

All peace be thine, my gentle Pat, while war and toil is mine ;

With riches I'll return to thee, I sob'd out words of thanks,

And then he vow'd eternal truth on Shannon's flow'ry banks.

And then he vow'd eternal truth on Shannon's flow'ry banks,

And

And when I saw him sail away and join the hostile
ranks:

From morn to eve, for twelve dull months, his
absence sad I mourn'd,

The peace was made, the ship came back, but
Teddy ne'er return'd:

His beauteous face and manly form has won a nobler
fair,

My Teddy's false, and I forlorn must die in sad
despair:

Ye gentle maidens, see me laid, while you stand
round in ranks,

And plant a willow o'er my head on Shannon's
flow'ry banks.

CCXXXI. S O N G.

BRight Phœbus has mounted the chariot of day,
And the horns and the hounds call each sports-
man away;

Thro' meadows and woods with speed now they
bound,

While health, rosy health, is an exercise found,

Hark away is the word to the found of the horn,

And echo, blyth echo, makes jovial the morn.

Each hill and each valley is lovely to view,

While pufs flies the covert and dogs quick pursue;

Behold were she flies o'er the wide spreading plain,

While the loud opening pack pursue her amain.

Hark away, &c.

At length pufs is caught, and lies panting for breath,

And the shout of the huntsman's the signal of death,

No joys can delight like the sports of the field,

To hunting all pastime and pleasure must yield.

Hark away, &c.

CCXXXII.

CCXXXII. S O N G.

HOW lovely shines the rising morn,
 Bedeck'd with rich array,
 Whilst sparkling dew drops from the thorn
 Hangs glitt'ring on the spray ;
 The birds enliv'ning carols sing
 In every field and grove,
 Their notes all hail the welcome spring,
 And all are tun'd to love.

Then come my Damon haste away,
 For thee bloom e'ery flower ;
 Oh ! come my love, while chearful May
 Bedecks my humble bower.

The birds enliv'ning carols, &c.

Here sweetest woodbines from a shade,
 Wild daises deck the ground ;
 A sweet retreat by nature made,
 And all is peace around.

The birds enliv'ning carols, &c.

CCXXXIII. S O N G.

A BUMPER of good liquor,
 Will end a contest quicker,
 Than justice, judge, or vicar,
 So fill each cheerful glass.

So fill, &c.

But if more deep the quarrel,
 Why, sooner drain the barrel,
 Than be that hateful fellow,
 That's crabbed when he's mellow.

So fill, &c.

CCXXXIV.

CCXXXIV. S O N G.

DEAR Tom this brown jug that now foams
 with mild ale,
 (In which I will drink to sweet Nan of the vale)
 Was once Toby Philpot, a thirsty old soul,
 As e'er drank a bottle, or fathom'd a bowl,
 In boozing about 'twas his praise to excell,
 And among jolly toppers he bore off the bell.

It chanc'd as in dog-days he sat at his ease,
 In his flow'r-vow'n arbour, as gay as you please;
 With a friend and a pipe, puffing sorrow away,
 And with honest old stingo was soaking his clay,
 His breath doors of life on a sudden were shut,
 And he dy'd full as big as Dorchester butt.

His body when long in the ground it had lain,
 And time into clay had desolv'd it again,
 A potter found out its covert so snug,
 And with part of fat Toby he made this brown jug;
 Now sacred to friendship, to mirth and good ale;
 So here's to my lovely sweet Nan of the vale- ----
 vale, sweet Nan of the vale.

CCXXXV. S O N G.

WHILE others swell high in full numbers
 divine,

Or servilely cring for the alms of the nine,
 Let beef-steakes inspire me, and flavour each line.

O! the beef-steakes of Old England,
 And it's O the old English beef-steakes!

Tho' bards of roast-beef have oft sung, it is true,
 Yet the subject remains still eternally new;

'Then why should not beef-steakes receive honour
 due?

O! the beef-steakes, &c.

I

Great

Great Jupiter's self (as 'tis fabled) the chief,
Ran off with Europa and I O---in brief
His highness could relish a rump-steak of beef.

O! the beef-steakes, &c.

But leaving each tale which of falsehood partakes,
Let's sing our own heroes, the friends of beef-
steakes,

And cook up my masters a song for their sakes.

O! the beef-steakes, &c.

There's Rodney and Hood, brave Curtis and
Hughes,

Howe, Parker, and Pigot, all British true blues,
Cry, "Beef-steakes for ever! but damn your French
stews!"

O! the beef-steakes, &c.

In defence of old Gib, against forces combin'd,
A land-mark of glory unequal'd you'll find,
The gallant old Elliot, that Mars of mankind!

O! the beef-steakes, &c.

For while he was broiling among his brave ranks,
A pack of flesh cooks would be playing their pranks,
But his piping hot balls sore pepper'd their flanks.

O! the beef-steakes, &c.

All fat in the fire, and the Dons in a fright,
Now their stomachs are turn'd without courage to
fight,

Brave Elliot's hot cockles have sicken'd 'em quite.

O! the beef-steakes, &c.

While Britons are free, and beef-steakes are their
cheer,

King George their protector, what have they to fear,
From the Dutch, the proud Don, and soup-meagre
Monseieur?

O! the beef-steakes, &c.

CCXXXVI. S O N G.

IN a neighbourly way, with an honest man's
fame,

Unoffending I hope to proceed ;
Attend if you please, if you are pleased with a
name,

Imprimis, let probity lead---lead.

Imprimis, &c.

Be careful to keep on humility's side,

Nor ever lose gratitude's view ;

Obeys not the envy of picque, nor of pride,

Nor pilfer from merit its due.

Be assured that esteem is a noble estate,

Let not a fond smile make you proud ;

Nor rail at men merely because they are great,

Be not dup'd by the roar of a croud.

Shun flatteries praise, let not promise allure,

Nor dangle for dinners in taste ;

Forget not old friends, tho' perhaps they are poor,

Nor make new acquaintance in haste.

O! suffer not interest, friendship to wean,

Accept not servility's treat ;

Nor silently witness iniquity's scene,

But open at once on deceit.

Remember yourself, spare the shame of your friend,

Nor carry your wit to excess ;

With the spirit the cause of the absent defend,

And shrink not your arm from distress.

Oppress not the low, nor the high people's slaves,

Nor ever despair, nor be vain ;

However inconstant the world may behave,

Mediocrity ever maintain.

His views, let ambition, extend over the state,
 Let avarice gluttonize wealth;
 No Nabobs I wish, for I would not be great,
 I only ask humbly for health.
 How careful, in health, will my latter days pass,
 Un-envy'd, un-envying life;
 With the friend I have prov'd, and my favourite
 lass,
 And practice the precepts I give.

CCXXXVII. S O N G.

PLeasure lessens as it flies,
 Life's too short to enjoy it;
 Why the plague should be we be wise,
 Who never can be cloy'd with't.
 Laugh and sing while we may,
 Never yield to sorrow;
 Whether we laugh, or weep, or play,
 Still succeeds to-morrow.
 Wisdom leave we to the wise,
 Sorrow to the wretched;
 But that mirth which they despise,
 Bid hasten to be blessed.

CCXXXVIII. S O N G.

NO flower that blows is like this rose,
 Or scatter such perfume;
 Upon my breast, ah! gently rest,
 And ever ever bloom.

Dear pledge to prove a parent's love,
 A pleasing, pleasing gift thou art;
 Come, sweetest flower, and from this hour,
 Live henceforth in my heart.

CCXXXIX.

CCXXXIX. S O N G.

YE gallant souls, that beat so high,
With England's glory in each vein,
From his example learn to die,
Whose honour never knew one stain.

At break of day two sail appear'd,
And on the larboard-quarter stood;
For action straight the decks were clear'd,
Which soon alas! were dy'd with blood.

My friend maintain'd th' unequal fight,
'Till bringing all his guns to bear :
With red-hot balls their thunders fright,
And up one Frenchman blew in air.

The other struck her colours now,
But, oh! too late his life to save :
For e're the hostile flag was low,
A shot had mark'd him for the grave.

ADDITIONAL SONGS.

I. S O N G.

SLEEP on, sleep on, my Kathleen dear,
May peace possess thy breast;
Yet dost thou dream thy true love's here,
Depriv'd of peace and rest.

The birds sing sweet, the morning breaks,
Those joys are none to me :
Tho' sleep is fled poor Dermott wakes,
To none but love and thee.

II. S O N G.

DEAR Kathleen, you, no doubt,
 Find sleep how very sweet 'tis ;
 Dogs bark, and cocks have crowed out,
 You never dream how late 'tis,
 This morning gay,
 I post away,
 To have with you a bit of play,
 On two legs rid
 Along to bid
 Good morrow to your night-cap
 Last night a little bowfy
 With whiskey, ale, and cyder,
 I ask'd young Betty Blowzy
 To let me sit beside her ;
 Her anger rose,
 And sour as floes,
 The little gypsie cock'd her nose ;
 Yet here I've rid
 Along, to bid
 Good morrow to your night-cap.

III. S O N G.

THE twins of Latona, so kind to my boon,
 Arise to partake of the chace ;
 And Sol lends a ray to chaste Dian's fair moon,
 And a smile to the smiles of her face :
 For the sport I delight in, the bright queen of love
 With myrtles my brows shall adorn,
 While Pan breaks his chaunter, and skulks in the
 grove,
 Excell'd by the sound of the horn.
 The dogs are uncoupled, and sweet is their cry,
 Yet sweeter the notes of sweet echo's reply :
Hark

Hark forward, my honies, the game is in view,
But love is the game I wish to pursue.

The stag from his chamber of woodbine peeps out,
His sentence he hears in the gale ;
Yet flies, till entangled in fear and in doubt,
His courage and constancy fail :
Surrounded by foes, he prepares for the fray,
Despair taking place of his fear ;
With antlers erected, a while stands at bay,
Then surrenders his life with a tear.
The dogs are, &c.

IV. S O N G.

HOW happy the Soldier who lives on his pay,
And spends half-a-crown out of six-pence a
day !

Yet fears neither justices, warrants, or bums,
But pays all his debts with the roll of his drums.
With a row-de-dow, &c.

He cares not a marvedy how the world goes,
His king finds him quarters, and money, and clothes:
He laughs at all sorrow, whenever it comes,
And rattles away with the roll of the drums.
With a row-de-dow, &c.

The drum is his glory, his joy and delight,
It leads him to pleasure as well as to fight ;
No girl when she hears it, tho' ever so glum,
But packs up her tatters, and follows the drum.
With a row-de-dow, &c.

V. S O N G.

FAREWELL ye groves and chrystal fountains,
 The gladsome plains and silent dell;
 Ye humble vales and lofty mountains,
 And welcome now a lonely cell.
 And oh farewell, fond youth most dear!
 Thy tender plaint, thy vow sincere,
 We'll meet and share the parting tear,

VI. S O N G.

TH O' Leixlip is proud of its close shady bowers,
 Its clear falling waters and murmuring cas-
 cades,
 Its groves of fine myrtle, and beds of sweet flowers,
 Its lads so well dress'd, and its neat pretty maids;
 As each his own village must still make the most of,
 In praise of dear Carton I hope I'm not wrong;
 Dear Carton! containing what kingdoms may
 boast of;
 'Tis Norah, my dear Norah! the theme of my
 song.
 Be gentlemen fine, with their spurs and nice boots
 on,
 Their horses to start on the Curragh of Kildare;
 Or dance at a ball, with their Sunday new suits on,
 Lac'd waistcoats, white gloves, and their nice
 powder'd hair,
 Poor Pat, while so blest in his mean humble station,
 For gold and for acres he never shall long;
 One sweet smile can give him the wealth of a
 nation,
 From Norah, dear Norah! the theme of my
 song.

VII.

VII. SONG.

THE wealthy fool with gold in store,
 Will still desire to grow richer ;
 Give me but health, I ask no more,
 My little girl, my friend and pitcher :
 My friend so rare,
 My girl so fair,
 With such, what mortal can be richer ;
 Give me but these, a fig for care,
 With my sweet girl, my friend and pitcher.
 Tho' fortune ever shuts my door,
 I know not what can thus bewitch her ;
 With all my heart, can I be poor,
 With my sweet girl, my friend and pitcher.
 My friend so rare, &c.

VIII. SONG.

THE spring with smiling face is seen,
 To usher in the May ;
 And nature clad in mantle green,
 All sprig'd with flow'rets gay :
 The feathered songster of the grove,
 Then join in harmony and love.
 The lark that soaring cleaves the skies,
 Low builds her humble nest ;
 The rambling boy that finds the prize,
 Is sure supremely blest :
 For when the tuneful bird is flown,
 He hastes, and marks it for his own.

IX. SONG.

YOU know I'm your Priest, and your consci-
 ence is mine,
 But if you grow wicked, it's not a good sign,

So leave off your raking and marry a wife,
 And then, my dear Marby, you're settled for life.
 Sing Ballynamono, Oro,
 A good merry wedding for me.

The banns being published, to chapel we go,
 The bride and the bridegroom in coats white and
 snow;
 So modest her air, and so sheepish your look,
 You out with your ring, and I pull out my book.
 Sing, &c.

I thumb out the place, and I then read away,
 She blushes at love, and she whispers, obey,
 You take her dear hand to have and to hold,
 I shut up my book, and I pocket your gold.
 Sing, &c.
 That snug little guinea for me.

X. SONG.

SINCE Kathleen has prov'd so untrue,
 Poor Darby! ah, what can you do?
 No longer I'll stay here a clown,
 But sell off and gallop to town:
 I'll dress, and I'll strut with an air,
 The barber shall frizzle my hair.

In town I shall cut a great dash,
 But first how to compass the cash;
 At gaming, perhaps, I may win;
 With cards I can take the flats in,
 Or trundle false dice, and they're nick'd;
 If found out, I shall only be kick'd.

But first for to get a great name,
 A duel establish my fame;

To

To my man then a challenge I'll write ;
 But first, I'll be sure he wont fight :
 We'll swear not to part till we fall,
 Then shoot without powder, and the devil a ball.

XI. S O N G.

LOOSE every sail to the breeze,
 The course of my vessel improve ;
 I've done with the toils of the seas,
 Ye sailors ! I'm bound to my love.

Since Emma's as true as she's fair,
 My griefs I fling all to the wind ;
 'Tis a pleasing return for my care,
 My mistress is constant and kind.

My sails are all fill'd to my dear,
 What tropick-bird swifter can move ;
 Who, cruel, shall hold his career,
 That returns to the nest of his love.

Hoist every sail to the breeze,
 Come shipmates and join in the song ;
 Let's drink while our ship cuts the sea,
 To the gale that may drive her along.

XII. S O N G.

BEHOLD your little honest Ben,
 My pretty Poll, return'd again,
 My heart as needle true ;
 When distant many a league, my dear,
 My constant heart did never veer,
 'Twas fixt my love, on you.

When shoals and threatning rocks I've seen,
 Or when I've in a battle been,
 Fear could not me subdue ;

Hope

Hope boy'd me up, and smiling said,
 I still should live (sweet blue-eyed maid)
 To steer life's course with you.

To check the pride of France and Spain,
 I left my Poll, and plough'd the main,
 With heart devoid of fear;
 Sweet peace return'd, I'll sail no more,
 But boast my tears on Albion's shore,
 Safe anchor'd with my dear.

XIII. SONG.

WHEN kind friends exact a song,
 Something new and striking,
 Surely he can ne'er be wrong,
 Who gives each his liking.

Patriots like to get a place,
 Courtiers theirs to keep;
 Country Squires to drink and chace,
 And cits to eat and sleep.

Parsons like a bishoprick,
 Gamblers like to bubble;
 Doctors like to see friends sick,
 Lawyers theirs in trouble.

Soldiers like both peace and pay,
 When fighting is no more;
 Sailors like abroad to stray,
 For gold to waste ashore.

Ruddy bullies like to bluster,
 Pale beaux to seem polite;
 Train-band captains like a muster,
 But neither like to fight.

Ladies

Ladies like a thousand things ;
 But yet it were not well.
 He who for their pleasure sings,
 Should all their likings tell.

XIV. SONG.

WHENE'ER the dull lover you hate or
 despise,
 With his pitiful story,
 Stands whining before ye,
 To laugh at his sobs, and his groans and his sighs,
 Is the way a young damsel should use him,
 A fig for his cattle, his houses and land,
 If a heart must be sold
 For his acres of gold,
 Mine never shall be at the booby's command,
 Tho' a lord or a duke, I'd refuse him.
 But let the dear lover
 His passion discover,
 His smiles are the riches
 A maiden bewitches :
 A treasure his kisses,
 To hoard up such blisses,
 Without e'er a guinea I'd chuse him.

The symptoms of love, if a lover would know,
 In a down-looking eye,
 True affection he'll spy,
 When roses are spread on a bosom of snow,
 As it heaves with a quick palpitation ;
 But let him sense, tho he sees we are caught,
 Not to boast of our chains,
 Nor the triumph he gains,
 And ne'er to her prejudice harbour a thought,
 Who regards him with tender sensation.
 Still let the dear lover, &c.

TOASTS and SENTIMENTS.

MAY we be slaves to nothing but our duty, and friends to nothing but merit.

May the desires of our hearts be virtuous, and those desires be gratified.

May the honest heart never feel distress.

To the honest fellow, who loves his bottle at night, and his business in the morning.

Addition to our trade, multiplication to our manufactures, subtraction to our taxes, and reduction to our useless pensions and places.

Riches to the generous, and power to the merciful.

May the trade of this country increase, and be supported by unity, peace, and concord.

May we draw upon content for the deficiencies of fortune.

Prudence to form good wishes, and means to enjoy them.

May we never tell a lie of a virtuous woman, nor the truth of one that is otherwise.

The service of the fair sex, and the fair sex in the service.

May the next Royal George save the people.

May the laurels of the warrior, who betrays innocence, wither on his brow.

In our engagements with the fair, may we loose our hearts, but not our understanding.

May

May exalted merit be cherished with the rewards
of virtue.

The coalition, a bottle and a bird.

In the tempests of life, may we never spring a-
leak, nor loose our standing rigging.

Artless love.

The harvest of life, love, wit, and good humour.

A well printed volume in sheets.

May our conscience be sound, tho' our fortune
be rotten.

The life we love with whom we love.

May our ability for doing good, be equalled only
by our inclination.

The heart that sells, and the hand that gives.

Sincerity in friendship, and constancy in love.

May the bulwarks of virtue, never be undermin-
ed by the stratagems of temptation.

The inside of a warm house, and the outside of a
jail.

Life to the man who has courage to loose it,

And wealth to him, who has spirit to use it.

Frugality without meanness.

The pleasure of pleasing.

Patience in adversity.

All absent friends.

Decent œconomy.

Success to our hopes, and enjoyment to our
wishes.

A good wife, and a great many of them.

All we wish, and all we want.

Days of ease, and nights of pleasure.

Every honest man his right, and every rogue a
halter.

Gaiety and innocence.

May

May the friends of England ever have free access
to the throne.

May temptation never conquer virtue.

May we be loved by those whom we love.

May we never know sorrow but by the name.

May we never taste the apples of affliction.

Provision to the unprovided.

Relief to the oppressed and distressed.

Short shoes and long corns to the enemies of
Great Britain.

The honest north-country smith, who refused to
shoe for the man who voted against his country.

May hemp bind him whom honour can't.

The steady friends of Britain.

That freemen may never more be considered as a
property to be led to market.

The nice-house maid.

What charms, arms, and disarms.

The union of two fond hearts.

May the EDITORS of the LIVERPOOL SONGSTER
give satisfaction to the PURCHASER.



F I N I S.

